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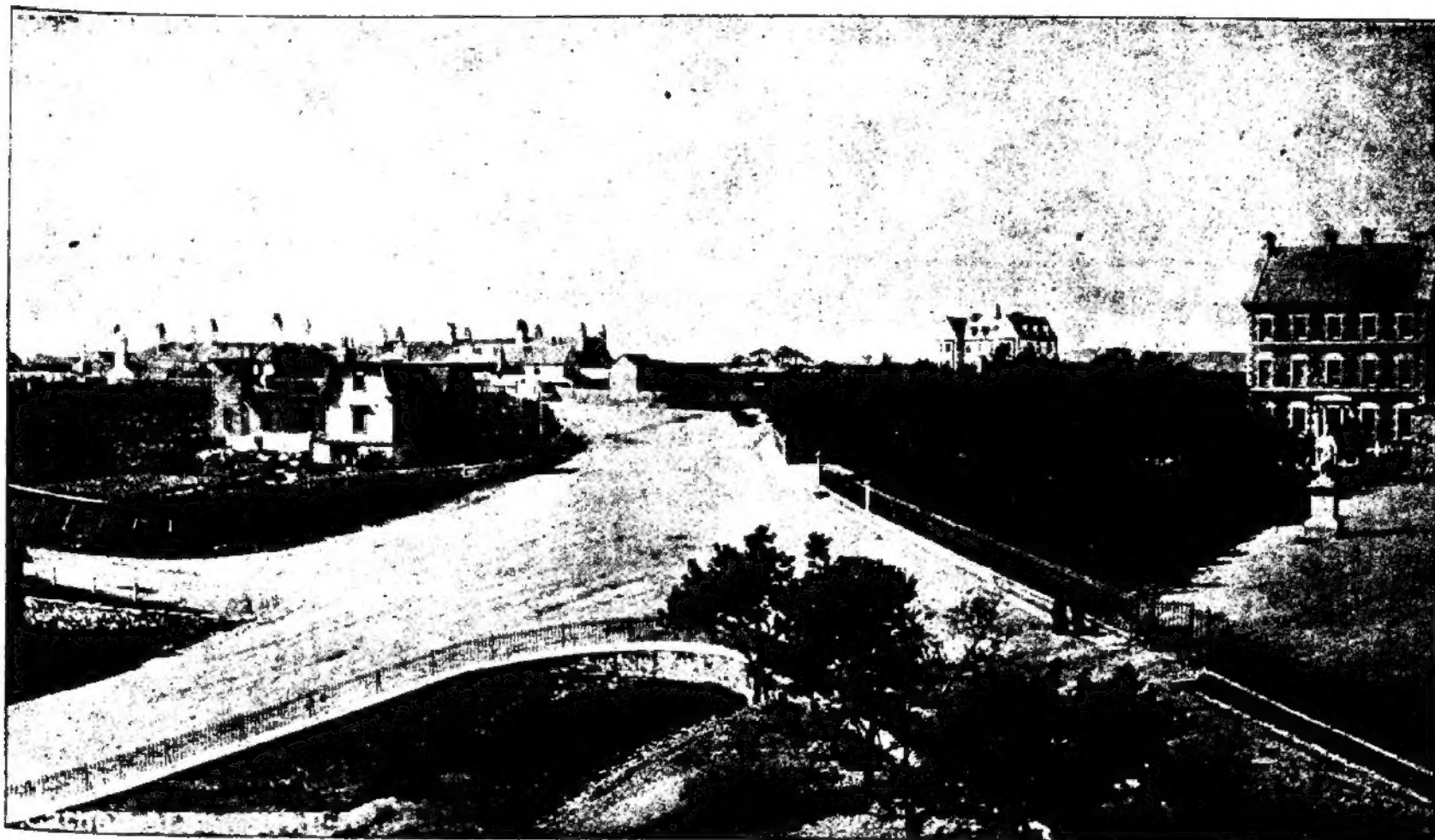
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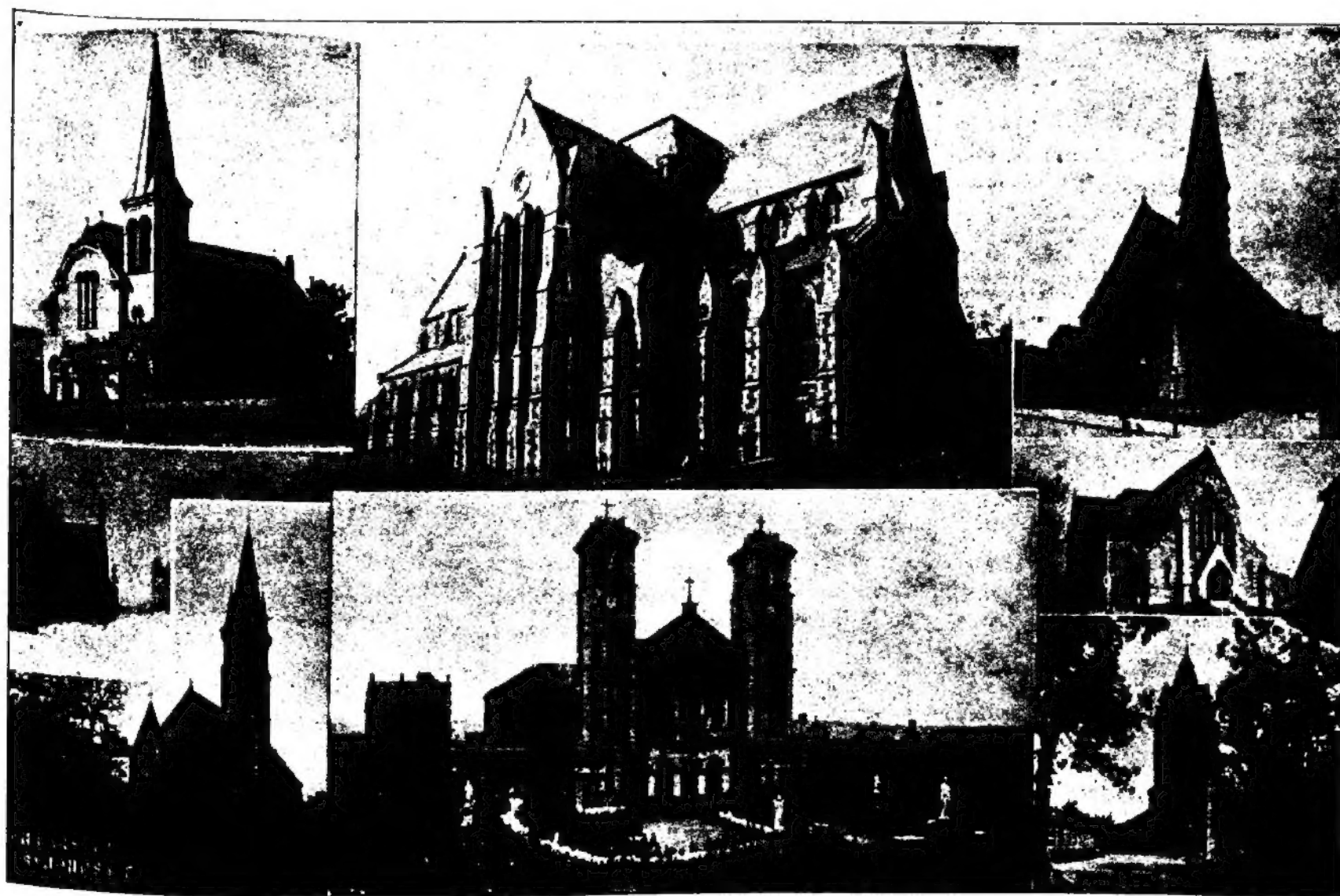
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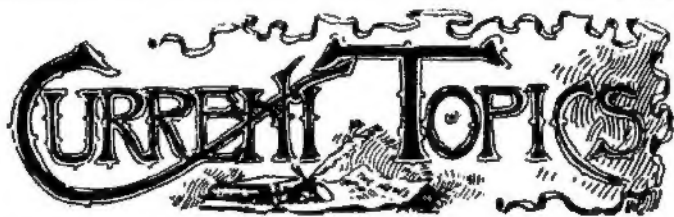
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Free Trade vs. Protection.

When we read in a prominent Montreal daily paper that "protection itself is failing and is already compelling both the United States and the European nations that have adopted it to repeal it," it seems evident that in the mind of the writer of such a statement the wish is father to the thought, and that he has wilfully shut his eyes to the past and present tariff legislation of every nation in the world, barring one. Throughout Europe and America no step of any importance has been taken for years past towards a reduction of import taxes; on the contrary, all—with the exception of Great Britain—have been steadily building higher and stronger the tariff wall between each other. However correct and in accordance with advanced civilization free trade may theoretically be, it is steadily losing ground in what really constitute the civilized world of to-day, Europe, America and Australasia. In this respect it can be very appropriately compared with what is of infinitely greater importance—the practical adoption of the principles of international peace and amity; accepted by all as being in theory the state in which modern Christendom should dwell; and yet as a matter of fact, and in unquestionable knowledge of the urgent desirability of such a condition of things, all the Great Powers—without a single exception—are straining every nerve to develop their military resources, and to increase their armament—both offensive and defensive—to the highest possible degree. Such is free trade, with this important difference—that all do not agree as to its being even theoretically absolutely infallible. Granted that it were—it is likely to become universal only when the Millennium comes, and when the sword is converted into a ploughshare,—and not until that happy period. In the one country that carries high the Free Trade colours—Great Britain—there is to-day a spirit of unrest on the subject of its fiscal policy; and the checks that year by year her efforts at trade extension have received from the great nations which in old days absorbed much of her manufactured product have caused many prominent business men to seriously consider the advisability of tariff retaliation. In terming the English fiscal policy what we do it is only as a habit; their trade is not free—it is one-sided, and often grossly unfair to the British people; and in continuing to admit free of duty the products of a

nation which heavily taxes British goods, they exhibit either a degree of economic skill which the minds of other nations have not the ability to grasp, or a measure of unselfishness which should do much to atone for any other national failings. It must, however, be admitted by the unbiased student of modern economic legislation, that so marked has been the tendency of all nations, except England, to stimulate their own manufactures by a protective tariff which bears heavily on English goods, that that nation will eventually be obliged to accept a similar policy.

The United Empire Trade League.

This organization offers to the people of Great Britain an excellent field for a combination of the two great tariff principles, and at the same time gives British exporters the additional advantage of a special discrimination in their favour in all colonial markets. Organized in England, and in one of the most avowedly free trade communities in that country, its existence and present flourishing condition is a strong proof of the vitality of the fair trade spirit of the English people. Its principles are so just both to Britain and the colonies, as to make one wonder why it was not established many years ago; and it is safe to say that any man who denounces all trade connection whatever between Britain and Canada, or any reciprocal arrangement between them, can be put down as an opponent of any link between the two countries. The great questions are, How is a trade league to be brought about? Who will take the first step, Canada or England? Are the English people prepared to see a small tax imposed on all breadstuffs imported from foreign nations? This last is the vital question, and until it can be answered in the affirmative everything else must stand in abeyance. At the meeting held here last Saturday this point was not brought as prominently forward as it should have been, and we think Colonel Vincent could have made more of it than he did. It must be remembered that the voting power of Great Britain lies practically in the hands of the manufacturing classes; and however much they may be alarmed by any whisper about taxing wheat and flour, the arguments that manufactures from foreign states will be handicapped by an import duty while the British worker receives special preference in the colonial markets, will, if clearly put before the voter, go a long way to influence him to support the League. That this is correct may be fairly inferred from the expression of opinion given by the Sheffield electors to Col. Vincent, warmly endorsing the scheme; and no more representative manufacturing constituency exists in Great Britain. Should the efforts of the League be successful in inducing a large proportion of British electors to publicly pronounce in its favour, Canada will certainly not be behindhand in its share of the programme; but the settlement of the matter for the present lies solely in the hands of the English workman and his political leaders. While the efforts of the League should be put forth for the present chiefly in the direction just indicated, it would not be out of the way for civic Boards of Trade throughout Canada to discuss the project as to its bearing on the interests of the districts they represent, and if favourable, appoint one or more delegates to a meeting which could be held representing all the commercial Boards in the country, and where all details of the measure could be talked over; the pronouncement of such a body would have great weight in swaying public opinion.

Note Extension of Time in PRIZE COMPETITION.

Literary Competition.

The Publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED offer the sum of \$130 in four prizes for short stories from Canadian writers—

1st prize.....	\$60
2nd ".....	40
3rd ".....	20
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- 1st—All stories must be delivered at the office of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED not later than 1st August next.
- 2nd—Each story to contain not less than 5,000 words, and not to exceed 8,000 words.
- 3rd—All MS. sent in for this competition to become the property of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.
- 4th—Each story must contain a motto on top of first page, and be accompanied by a sealed envelope, inside of which is stated the name and address of the writer. The outside of envelope to bear motto used on story.
- 5th—MS. to be written in ink, and on one side of paper only.
- 6th—Stories on Canadian subjects are preferred.

THE SABISTON LITHO. & PUB. CO.,

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The Dominion Illustrated Prize Competition, 1891. QUESTIONS.

SIXTH SERIES.

- 31.—What artist is mentioned who studied portrait painting in Spain?
- 32.—Quote a criticism on American State Secretaries.
- 33.—Where is mention made of insects with strong jaws and healthy appetites?
- 34.—On what page is mentioned a lecture by Rev. Dean Carmichael, of Montreal?
- 35.—Who commanded a regiment raised in Canada in 1796?
- 36.—Quote a reference to the Lord Bishop of Niagara.

NOTE.—All the material necessary for correctly answering the above questions can be found in Nos. 131 to 156 of the "Dominion Illustrated," being the weekly issues for January, February, March, April, May and June.

THE AYRES OF STUDLEIGH.

BY ANNIE S. SWAN,

Author of "Aldersyde," "Twice Tried," "A Vexed Inheritance," "The Gates of Eden," &c.

(Exclusive rights for Canada purchased by THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED.)

"Probably. I hope Clem is not seriously wounded. Aunt Rachel does not deserve that she should have any more sorrow."

"I hope, I am sure, that his wound may be slight," said Lady Emily, sincerely. "I think, Will, I have lived too much to myself. Why do you shiver like that? Do you feel a chill? Let me have the window closed."

"It was nothing," he answered, quickly. "Mother, you will go over to Stonecroft another day with me when Aunt Rachel comes back."

"We shall see. If it will make you any happier, Will, I shall try in future to make more friendly relations between Studleigh and Stonecroft."

CHAPTER XXXI.—A SOLDIER'S TALE.

Again it was the leafy month of June. Again the roses hung in dewy clusters on the boughs; again summer beauty and summer gladness filled the land. A sad and painful tragedy had marked the closing days of the war, and the nation was yet mourning the untimely death of the gallant Prince Imperial. He was but one among many brave young lives sacrificed among the wild plains of Zululand; but the circumstances of his death, and the peculiar desolation attached to his mother's bereavement, made it marked out for special notice. The war was practically over. Almost every day saw the arrival of vessels with returning troops, and many anxious hearts were relieved of their load of anxiety and care. On the evening of the last day in June, a party of ladies were gathered on the terrace at Winterdyne, and they were evidently in a state of expectation. Lady Winterdyne, in her mourning gown, looked sweet and fragile; the shock of her son's death had told upon her sorely. Rachel sat by her side, scarcely daring to allow her own happiness to show itself, lest it should grieve the bereaved mother, to whom the home-coming they were awaiting must have a peculiar sting. Our old friend, Lady Vane, white-haired, and somewhat feeble, though still energetic and cheerful, sat a little apart, watching the two girls walking arm-in-arm to and fro on the lawn below. Conversation had flagged a little as the time of the arrival drew near—a visible agitation seemed to take possession of each.

Presently the sound of wheels broke the silence. Then Sybil broke from Evelyn's gentle, sisterly clasp and ran into the house. Evelyn looked after her with a slight, sad smile, and then ascending the terrace steps crossed to Lady Winterdyne's chair and there stood still, with her hand on her shoulder. There was something pathetic and significant in that light, tender touch; these two, perhaps, more than all felt the desolation of Clement's solitary home-coming. Rachel had demurred a little about making the occasion a family gathering at Winterdyne, knowing full well that the mother's heart must ache because of the one who "was not," but she had been gently overruled.

When the carriage swept round the curve of the avenue Rachel sprang to her feet, trembling in every limb. Yes, there was her boy, sun-browned and vigorous-looking, standing up in the carriage waving his cap with his strong right hand, though the other shattered arm was still in a sling. And in another moment she was clasped to his heart, and heard his deep voice, tremulous with emotion, uttering her name in accents of tenderest love.

"My poor Evy," Clem said, as he turned then to kiss his sister, but Evelyn smiled bravely into his face, not wishing to dim the joy of his home-coming by her tears.

Then Clement, with an exquisite grace, knelt on one knee before his comrade's mother and bent to kiss her hand.

"Dear Lady Winterdyne, if it had been possible I would have given my life for Harry, but the

chance was not given me. I have feared this meeting more than I can tell, and when Lord Winterdyne met me I was more than surprised, it is so good of you all."

"We must not be selfish," she said, with a sad, sweet smile, and bending down she kissed his brow twice.

"My son's kiss as well as your own, Clem," she said, tremulously. "You must try and fill his place. And now we two mothers will spare you to Sybil."

She pointed to the drawing-room, and he sprang up with a red flush on his face, and disappeared.

"He looks splendid, Mrs. Ayre; do you not think so?" she asked.

"Yes; but I am disappointed to see his arm still bandaged."



"Oh, that was a flesh wound. I can give you the particulars," said Lord Winterdyne. "Ah, there is Evelyn away, poor girl, poor girl, it is very hard for her."

The mother's heart overflowed for her child as she saw her steal away towards the thick shrubbery which sloped down to the river bank. Ay, Evelyn had early taken up her cross, and that with a fortitude and unselfishness which amazed them all. There were even some who observing her calm bearing, said it had only been ambition which moved her to accept the heir of Winterdyne; but those who knew her best could only look upon her grave, beautiful face and tender mouth, and pray that God would give the needed balm. It was known only to Rachel Ayre how she suffered.

"Another wound," she said, with quick apprehension. "We never heard of it. When did it happen?"

"At Ulundi, the final battle. He was quite recovered, and declined to go home, though leave was granted. I suppose he wanted to be in it at

the death," said Lord Winterdyne, grimly. "And of course, fighting in the very forefront, as usual, he got a cut from an assegai which set the old wound open. I tell you we have reason to be proud of our hero, madam. I am, at least. It is not every soldier who leaps from lieutenant to captain in so short a time."

"Is he Captain?" Rachel asked, with a quick flush of motherly pleasure and pride.

"Yes, and won the Victoria Cross as well. Rorke's Drift did that. It was splendidly done. I only wish it had been there my boy fell. He was simply murdered at Isandhlwana, simply murdered. But I must not shadow your joy, dear Mrs. Ayre. I must remember what your kinswoman at Studleigh reminded me of that day the news came. I have two children left, and another son to take poor Harry's place. If your son had not come home, you would have been more desolate even than me."

"Did Lady Emily say that?" Rachel asked, in eager interest.

"She did. I believe there is a refining process going on in her heart. I was greatly struck by her sympathetic kindness that day. Her constant anxiety about her own son is not without its uses. It makes her feel for others. Ah, here he comes," said Lord Winterdyne, with a smile, as Clement again appeared. "We hardly expected you so soon, sir. What has Sybil to say to her battered hero, eh?"

"A great deal more than he deserves," was Clement's answer, as he came swiftly across to his mother's side. "She has sent me back to you, mother, and would not say another word to me."

"I don't suppose you realize what we women have endured on your account during the last few weeks?" said Lady Winterdyne, shaking her finger at him. "Stand up, now, sir, and let us have a proper look at you. Well, you look every inch a soldier! What did Sybil say to the wounded arm, and that scar on your cheek? Did she want to draw back, eh?"

Clement laughed, and that was a pleasant sound in his mother's ears.

"No. I am afraid she is more concerned about these trifles than I have even been," he answered lightly. "Mother, are you not even going to say that I have done my duty?"

He bent his eyes upon her sweet but somewhat careworn face, upon which the anxieties of the past few months had left their mark.

"I expected that. No doubt of it ever crossed my mind," she answered, and moving her head a little, rested her cheek on his sun-browned hand lying on her shoulder. He felt it wet with her tears. "I am glad my son is so worthy of his father."

"Yes, if he had lived he would have been a proud man this day," said Lady Vane, emphatically. "Now, have you anything exciting to tell us? What about the poor Prince. His poor mother's lonely grief will silence many grumbings. What a fearful thing it was. Did you know him, Clement?"

"Yes. He was very frank. He made himself one of us; and there is not a soldier in the ranks who did not feel that he had lost a friend."

"What were they doing letting him wander in the very midst of danger without any protection," demanded Sir Randal, gruffly. "Just like their pig-headedness. Half the misery in this world, especially in war times, is the result of the want of common sense."

"Well, he was hardly supposed to be in the midst of danger. The district was supposed to be pretty clear. He was surprised by treachery, and missed his footing when mounting his horse. His companions ran away. There was no excuse for that. I think if I had been there I would have risked my life for him. He was worth it."

Clement spoke quietly, but with emotion.

"I believe you would, my boy," said Sir Randal, looking with delighted approval on the young soldier's manly figure and resolute face. "He was a brave young fellow. Upon my word, Winterdyne, it makes one feel that old England's day is not over yet, to hear these young ones speak."

"Where's Evy, mother?" whispered Clement. "How has she been? Poor Raybourne spoke of her that very last morning. He thought of her perpetually."

Lady Adela leaned forward in her chair and lifted her eyes to the young soldier's face.

"Tell us everything, Clement. We can bear it, and we shall feel calmer after it. Tell us all you know."

As he spoke Sybil came through the open window of the library, and sat down by her father on the stone parapet of the terrace from the lawn below. Only Evelyn was absent when Clem began to tell his story.

"I can't tell you anything about what happened to him after we parted that morning in the camp at Isandhlwana," he began, "because I never saw him again, and nobody came back from Durnforth's column to tell the tale. About 250 mounted men rode a mile-and-a-half out, to intercept the Zulus at the wagon road and keep them from getting near the camp, and they were cut off to a man. It was

a melancholy business all round. We had not much chance against 20,000 desperate savages, and from the moment of attack we knew it was all up with us."

"You had no defences, I saw from the papers. Not that I ever expected you would have any," put in Sir Randal. "That's a mere circumstance, but go on. You stood out in the open plain and let the Zulus run at you. Wasn't that about it?"

"Be quiet, Randal," said his wife, peremptorily. "Never mind him, Clement; you know his opinion of military men and their tactics; never mind him."

"Well, for once, he is not far wrong, Lady Vane," answered Clement, bluntly. "It *did* just amount to that. Poor Harry, the very night before the engagement, said to me he thought we were frightfully scattered, and would have no chance against a concentrated enemy. The fight of Isandhlwana didn't last more than an hour-and-a-half, and we had to flee in the end. The Buffalo River saved the few who were mounted, for though they pursued us like furies, the Zulus are poor marksmen, and shoot at random. After we got over the river, I rode on to Rorke's Drift, to warn them there. Happily, I was in time; we had about an hour to prepare, and at half-past four they rushed on us, but I needn't expatiate on that, you all read the accounts. We kept the camp, and saved Natal, though I did not know the result for weeks. I was fevered in hospital, and they told me after. I was pretty bad. I could have got home after I was convalescent, but I wanted to see the end of the war, and I wanted, perhaps, more than all, to find out all I could about poor Raybourne."

"And what did you learn, Clement?" Lady Adela asked, with trembling lips.

"I am glad now that I thought of it, because I was able to—to," the young man's brave voice broke.

The brave heart which had never quailed in the most desperate peril, was moved to the depths over the memory of his loved comrade's fall.

"After I got better, I went back to my regiment," he went on, after a moment's painful silence. "And the next engagement I was in was the fight at the Zoblane mountains, which was not unlike the Isandhlwana affair, though the results were not serious. Two days later we beat them hollow at Zambula Camp. If you had seen the Zulus in their mountains advancing straight on our fire you would have thought it a grand sight. The artillery won the day—the victory was undoubtedly theirs, and for a few weeks after we saw little of the enemy, who seemed to have got a fright. All the time I kept thinking of Isandhlwana, wondering how I should manage to get there to see if I could get anything to bring home. It was on the 17th of May we were ordered forward to Rorke's Drift, and thence to Isandhlwana, for the purpose of burying our dead."

"Four months after they fell," put in Sir Randal. "Ay, go on."

Clement paused a moment. Many, many times by the silent, weird glow of the camp fire, and later in the night watches on board the homeward-bound Pretoria, he had pondered upon the words with which he should clothe his sorrowful and somewhat gruesome tale.

"We arrived at the ridge overlooking the scene of the battle about nine o'clock one morning, and found that during the interval the grass had grown so tall on the slopes and in the valleys, that for a little while we could distinguish nothing."

"Ay, ay, Nature had the sense of decency human beings lacked," was Sir Randal's comment, while Lady Alice covered her eyes with her hands and sat very still.

"I don't want to linger on the scene," continued Clement, hurriedly. "We did our work as promptly as we could, and carried away what mementoes we could find. I found Harry just where he fell, by the side of his faithful steed, and I brought home all I thought you would prize."

He took from his breast-pocket a little packet, and kneeling before Lady Winterdyne, opened it upon her knee. The soldier's watch intact, in its hunting case, his breastpin and two rings, together with a lock of his hair, were the treasures Clement had rescued from that far-off burying ground under the fierce African sun.

"And two letters, which I saw him writing after we bivouacked the night before—one is for Evy," said Clement, huskily. "That is all I have to give, dear Lady Winterdyne. If I could have saved him, I would."

The blessed tears fell fast from the bereaved mother's eyes as she looked upon these mementoes of her boy; but the father rose up from his place and went away into the house. They saw that he was quite overcome.

They asked no more questions nor did they realise what an awful task Clement had undertaken, that he might be able to bring a little comfort to those at home. He did not say that the sight of that once blood-red field, with its dead—unburied and decaying dead—was the only thing which had blanched his face and sickened his heart since he entered upon a soldier's chequered life.

When he saw the real comfort these precious relics were to the bereaved hearts at Winterdyne, he did not regret it, but felt glad that the opportunity had come in his way.

"We buried him decently there, he and the Colonel in one grave. It is a lovely spot, Lady Winterdyne, for it is a lovely country, though I never want to see it again. A month later we routed them utterly at Ulundi, and the war came to an end," he said, as he rose to his feet. "It's not much more than six months since we went away, but it looks like twenty years, and I feel like an old man."

CHAPTER XXII.—A WOUNDED HEART.
"I say, mother, I can't make out Evy. What does she say about poor Raybourne?"

Clement asked the question when he came into her room, just for a little word before they parted for the night.

"I am not sure, dear, that I can make her out myself. She is very reserved. She has never opened her heart even to me. But, I believe, she has talked more freely to Sybil than anyone. You have won a dear, sweet girl, Clement. I cannot tell you how I love her. She is as dear to me as Evy herself—"

"I think her perfect, mother," was the soldier's quick response. "All the time at Rorke's Drift I thought of her, and I believe the desire to be worthy of her and have something I need not be ashamed of to show for my love, helped me as nothing else could—"

"Nay, nay, the dauntless courage is yours by inheritance," said the proud mother in gentle rebuke. "I am so very thankful you were able to bring those little mementoes of poor Raybourne."

"Mother, that was an awful experience. I shall never forget that scene—the decaying bodies, some of them merely skeletons; the expression of the faces. The whole appalling picture will haunt me till I die. They will never know what it cost me to get those things. I only recognized poor Harry by his clothes and the initials on his sword. He was perfectly unrecognizable otherwise, but I thought if I could cut off a little bit of his hair it would bring before his mother's eyes a picture of natural and peaceful death."

Rachel shivered slightly, her imagination quick to fill in the dismal details of the picture Clement drew.

"You have had many strange experiences since you left us. Tell me, are you still devoted to your profession?"

"Why, of course, I simply *could* be nothing else but a soldier. Mother, the defence of Rorke's Drift was simply grand. You should have seen us with our poor little redoubts of mealie bags and walls of biscuit tins, and the cool, calm, noble energy of Bromhead and Chard. They thought of everything, and just did it as easily and perfectly as if it had been play; though all the time we never expected a man of us to escape. It was worth being born to see it."

"I'm rather glad upon the whole that I didn't see you," the mother answered, with a slight smile. "It was sufficiently terrible to read about. It is hard upon the women who wait at home, Clement."

"Yes, mother. I know."

He stooped down and kissed her, with eyes full of love.

"I want to tell you too, that I never forgot what you said, that you would pray for me at ten o'clock every night. Wherever I was, or however occupied, I never forgot you at that time. Even that night at Rorke's Drift, I looked at my watch at three minutes to ten, and thought of you and Evy at Stonecroft, and of Sybil here. It is a great deal to us when we are on active service to know that we are thought of with loving anxiety and confidence at home. Mother, I do mean to be a better fellow than I have ever been. When a man is face to face with death as often as I have been lately, it gives him many queer thoughts. I know poor Harry thought of it continually, though he fell so soon. The night before Isandhlwana, after he had written his letters, I saw him reading from a little book. It was Evy's French Testament, and I found it in his breast pocket, with a bullet through the leaves. I should imagine," he added, with a close pressure of his lips, "that Evy would reckon that among her precious things to the very end of her days. By-the-bye, I was rather disappointed not to meet Will at Southampton. I thought he would be sure to meet us."

"He has been ill all the spring," Rachel answered, with saddened expression. "I am very much afraid that, after all, your cousin cannot live, Clement."

"Poor old Will! He deserves to live. Are they at Studleigh just now?"

"No, at Bournemouth. They have been there since early in May. We have not heard for some weeks how he is, and I am afraid it is because he is too ill to write himself."

"I must take a run down to see him. I hope he will live. Do you know, mother, he said to me that day they left Winterdyne last year, that I must take care of myself, because I would one day be Squire of Studleigh. It gave me quite a turn."

"There was truth in it, though, Clement."

"Well, I hope he will live to be an old man. I don't want the place. I should not know how to take care of it."

"You could not resign the army even to become Squire of Studleigh?"

"Never, never."

"There was no mistaking the energy and decision of the young soldier's tone."

"It would be perfect martyrdom to me. No, no, Will is the man or Studleigh. He is happy pottering about among his tenants, and planning improvements in the villages. I should be miserable. I wish he had married. He may recover and marry yet."

"I think not. He loves Evelyn, Clement, and I believe, though I have not much ground for it, that her engagement to Raybourne disappointed him so bitterly that he lost all interest in life."

"Dear me, can that be so? It's a queer world, mother, and life seems all vexations and contradictions. There is Will, a far better fellow than I am, yet he has nothing—while I—I have everything."

"Some would reverse the situation, and say that the wealthy master of a great inheritance like Studleigh had everything, while the poor lieutenant had little worth possessing."

"Nevertheless, the poor lieutenant thanks God for His many mercies, and asks to be made worthy of them," Clement, answered, reverently. "And now, good-night, mother, best and dearest; not even Sybil can take your place."

Had not Rachel compensation for the long years of her widowhood, for the travail and anxiety with which she had reared her fatherless children? They were worthy of her teaching—they were proving themselves already heroes in life's hard battle; and her heart was at rest.

After a few quiet and pleasant days at Winterdyne the little family returned home to Stonecroft. Rachel was still somewhat concerned about Evelyn; indeed, they all wondered somewhat at her calmness of demeanour. Even when Raybourne's name was mentioned, or any little incident occurred to recall the painfulness of his loss, she made no sign. Nobody had ever seen her shed a tear. There was something at once unnatural and alarming in her perfect self-control. She had no comment to make on the story of the battle,

and when Clement put in her hands the little Testament, with the folded letter within, she took it with a faint, quivering little smile and carried it away. Nobody ever knew what was in the letter, nor did she ever speak of it even to her mother. For some things Rachel was glad to get away from Winterdyne. She fancied that Lady Winterdyne thought her callous, and that her love for poor Harry had never been real. Rachel thought otherwise. She was gravely concerned for her child's health. Evelyn betrayed no satisfaction at returning home; she simply acquiesced, and went about her little duties as of yore, with quietness and precision. But there was a difference. Only once her mother saw any sign. She came upon her unawares standing at the drawing-room window looking out towards the lake, where the red sunset lay, and her face was so haggard, so ghastly in its anguish, that Rachel's heart almost stood still.

"Evy, my darling, what is it? Why do you look so? You must be suffering fearfully," she cried, in keen alarm.

But instantly Evelyn looked round, calm, serene, self-possessed, even with a faint smile shadowing her lips.

"I was only thinking, mamma. Sometimes when I look away beyond and think how long I may have to live, it seems hard. Don't look so grieved. I don't think of it very often, only some times."

"My darling, you must try and speak to me. You must not lock your sorrow up like that, or it will eat into your heart. Have I been so poor a mother to you, my Evelyn, that you cannot trust me?"

"It is not that, mamma."

Evelyn's breath came in a strange, sobbing cry.

"I cannot speak if nobody can understand. I will try not to vex you. I will be more cheerful, mother, dear, though I have been trying hard all the time."

"I see that, but you must not try. It is natural that you should grieve. God does not forbid our tears, Evelyn. Christ himself wept with the poor sisters of Bethany. Let that comfort you, my poor child."

"But, mother, I do not want to cry. I feel so still and silent, as if I never wanted to speak again," said Evelyn, looking up with clear, dry, steadfast eyes, "I never sleep any, mother, and that makes me feel so strangely, as if I lived in an unreal world among shadows. I cannot tell you how I feel."

"I notice that you always slip away when Sybil is here. Does it vex you, dear, to see Clement and her together?"

"Oh, no, that would be very selfish and they think of me, I know," she answered, simply. "Mother, if I could only have seen him once more. I did not tell him all I felt. He did not even know when he went away how I loved him. I will never live down that sorrow till the very end."

"Hush, darling, you promised to be his wife, and such a promise from you involved all the rest. Do not torment yourself about that. I wish I knew how to comfort you—"

"You do comfort me. Is it very naughty of me, mother, to pretend sometimes that I am asleep when you come into my room at night? I just love to feel your presence and your hand on my head. I know just how you look without opening my eyes, and it comforts me far more than anything you could say."

The mother's eyes filled, and for a moment she felt somewhat rebellious for her child. It seemed hard that that fair life, so full of promise, should appear to be early blighted, that that strong, rich depth of womanly affection should be pent in a heart but newly awakened to its own capacity for affection.

"Why, mamma," said Evelyn, suddenly, "there is a carriage! Who can it be? We are not expecting anybody are we?"

"No, dear, unless it be some of Clem's comrades; but he did not intend to have them for a few weeks yet."

They stepped over to the window and great was their surprise to see Lady Emily Ayre alight from the carriage. She had a dark veil over her face, and she walked forward to the door in nervous haste, and was immediately admitted. She threw back her veil as she stepped into the drawing-room and revealed a face so haggard and pale and anguish-lined that for a moment Rachel felt paralysed; only for a moment, however. Then she forgot the grief and humiliation she had suffered at her hands, and remembering only that she was a woman and in trouble took a swift step towards her.

"Lady Ayre, you are in trouble; you are ill; let me help you."

She took the trembling hands in her gentle clasp. She put her arm round the proud shoulders of the mistress of Studleigh, and led her to a couch.

"Yes, I am in trouble," she said in quick hoarse tones. "I am in despair, Mrs. Geoffrey; my son is dying."

"Dying? Oh, impossible!"

Rachel still kept the quivering, nervous hands in hers, chafing them softly, with a tender touch.

"It is true. He cannot live, and he cries so incessantly for your daughter, for Evelyn, that I have come to see if she will humour the whim of a dying man, and return with me. You will not keep her back," she added, looking up with swift, inquiring wistfulness to Rachel's face. "I have wronged and misjudged you, but I am not afraid, see, to come to you in my trouble."

"No, no, Evelyn shall go. I will go, too, Lady Emily, if I can be of the least use," she said, quickly, yet with unspeakable tenderness.

"He loves her, he thinks of her continually," said Lady Emily, looking at the girl's sweet face with a strange feverishness. "I know of her sorrow, how completely her heart must be bound up just now with other sad interests. But surely her own sufferings will make her mindful of the sufferings of others. My son has had a heavy cross to bear all his life."

"I will go, Aunt Emily. Do not say another word."

Evelyn stood by Lady Emily's side as she spoke, and touched her shoulder gently, while her eyes were full of tears. The tears rose also in Lady Emily's proud eyes.

"You have good, true, womanly hearts. You can forgive a great deal," she said, brokenly. "But you can afford to be generous. You have your hero restored to you in health and strength. I am about to be robbed of my all. When can you be ready? Will you go with me to-night, now? We returned home only yesterday, and I left him with his nurse, not saying where I was going, lest I should only bring a new disappointment."

"There shall be no disappointment. We can be ready immediately," said Rachel, quietly. "You shall have a little refreshment and rest, and then we can go. Clement is at Winterdyne. We can leave a message for him to follow us."

Within the hour the carriage was rapidly covering the distance between Stonecroft and Studleigh.

(To be Continued.)

Stray Notes.

SHE was eleven, and he was twelve. They had been earnest lovers, but the time came when all vows were broken, and all golden hopes were dashed ruthlessly to the level of the cold dull earth.

"I will never be yours," she sobbed. "The boy who takes all the jam out of a tart at the first bite is a monster."

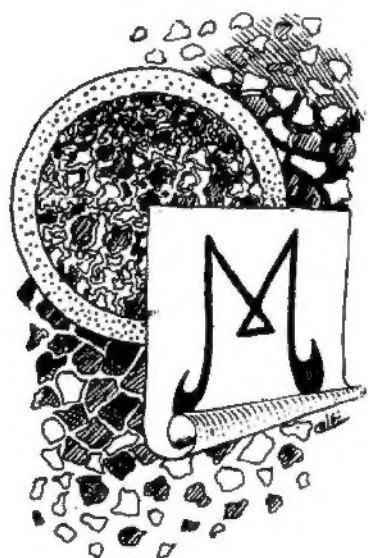
"And," blubbered he, "the girl who can eat two coconuts at one sitting, and give her sweetheart the shells for a keepsake, will eat her husband out of home, and leave him nothing but vain and hungry regrets."

And thus they parted; she to the nursery, and he running fit to break his neck to be in time for school.

A man made a bullet out of a piece of plug tobacco, and shot it through the body of a cat. The animal died. Here we have another forcible illustration of the fatal effects of tobacco on the system.



The Sagamore



R. PAUL, said the reporter, "you were not in the procession in honour of Count Mercier the other night."

"No," replied the sagamore of the Milicetes, "I ain't took part in no Polymorphian show this long time — gittin' too old. Plenty of young Injuns there."

"But you might at least have been on the Champ de Mars to cheer the noble Count on his arrival there," said the reporter.

"I ain't hard up," were the exact words of Mr. Paul's reply to this suggestion.

"I don't understand you," said the reporter.

"I mean," said Mr. Paul, "that I ain't lookin' for no boodle this summer."

The reporter straightened himself up.

"Sir!" he cried indignantly, "you insult me! You insult the vast concourse of worthy citizens who gathered to pay an humble and sincere tribute of respect to a great man."

"Huh!" grunted the sagamore.

"A great man," repeated the reporter with emphasis. "And the reception was not unworthy. It was *un magnifique demonstration*."

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, "I hear 'um say all the little boys in Montreal went with torches."

"They did," said the reporter proudly. "Hundreds of them. And the fireworks. And the carriages. And the



bands. And Mayor McShane. The noble Count and the illustrious Mayor in the same carriage. What has Montreal ever seen to compare with that. Magnificent Mercier! Most potent McShane! Why, sir, the very heavens joined in the welcome. Did you not see the play of the lightning along the whole horizon during the march of the procession? Celestial fireworks! A fitting tribute to the men who have made Canada so widely known that even the inhabitants of the worlds revolving around Sirius spend half their time talking about us."

"What they done for this country?" demanded Mr. Paul.

"What have they done? Why, sir, Mayor McShane has saved Montreal half a million dollars. He says so. And when an unassuming lad like Our Jimmy says a thing you may put it down as a fact."

"Huh," grunted the sagamore.

"As for the noble Count—has he not been made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire? And has he not spent \$25,000 and borrowed \$4,000,000? Where can you point to such another summer's record? A clergyman who is a friend of mine once procured the degree of D.D. for thirty odd dollars. That was a distinction, and his parishioners warmly congratulated him. A cousin of mine once got a pair of blue overalls for fifty cents. That, too, was considered a notable achievement at the time. But put either or both of these over against the summer outing of the noble Count Mercier and they literally shrivel up and disappear."

"I thought," said the sagamore, "that Mr. Mercier belonged to a party that didn't b'lieve in trottin' over to Europe after titles."

"Ah! you misapprehend," said the reporter. "The noble Count does not believe in accepting titles, such as knighthood, for instance, if they are thrust upon us by designing parties like the British Government for some crazy purpose. He is down on truckling to the spirit of a debasing and medieval aristocracy. But when application is made in the usual way, as my friend the clergyman did, and as the noble Count did, it is quite legitimate to accept the honour conferred."

"Huh," grunted the sagamore.

"But the noble Count did more than that," the reporter continued. "Didn't he go to Belgium? Aren't the people of Belgium talking about it yet? Don't they spend most of the r time now studying Canadian history and geography and things? And France! See what he did in France. When he went there they hadn't a dollar to lend. When he came away they chased him with millions—try



ing to force him to take more. As a matter of fact, if he hadn't got away just when he did, there would have been a fleet of treasure ships after him. They were already chartered and the bullion ready to be shipped. Why, sir, all Europe forgot its political intrigues, its war clouds, its socialist agitations, its diplomatic negotiations—everything—to hang in rapture on the words dictated by Count Mercier to the newspaper correspondents. This country, sir, will reap incalculable benefit from this visit of the noble Count to Europe. There's millions in it."

"I b'lieve that," grimly commented Mr. Paul. "Millions of taxes."

"Bah!" contemptuously retorted the reporter. "Who but an old skinflint would measure glory by the base standard of dollars and cents. All honour to the noble Count Mercier! And all honour to the illustrious Mayor McShane, who is to be made a member of the Legion of Honour. *Vive la France! Vive Mercier et McShane!*"

"I thought," observed the sagamore, "that Mr. Mercier belonged to a party didn't want no foolin' with people so far away. I thought he wants this country to have its natural market—let them other countries alone."

"A misconception," said the reporter. "The noble Count is not a parish politician. Next year he will go to Africa, and later on to New Guinea and Spitzbergen and other places from which Canada has much to hope for. Still later, if advancing years do not tell too strongly on his constitution, the noble Count will make a tour of Canada and learn a few facts relating to his own country. By the way—he has some thought of running over this fall to visit the Queen. He would have called while on the other side recently, but did not wish to arouse the jealousy of the German Emperor by a grander pageant on the very eve of the latter's visit to England. Magnanimous Mercier! Was there ever such another?"

"No," said Mr. Paul promptly, "there wasn't."

"I believe you," said the reporter. "When I stood at the corner of St. Catherine and St. Lawrence streets the other night and saw the noble Count and the illustrious Mayor lifting their hats and bowing to the swarms of little boys who sat on the brick and lumber piles and yelled as the procession passed, it filled me with so much patriotic ardour that I yelled too. And when I saw that there was a tri-colour but no Canadian flag in the procession it reminded me of the noble efforts of the noble Count to cement these provinces into one united and harmonious whole—and I yelled again. Ah, my brother, you should have been there!"

"I was round there," replied the sagamore. "I tell you what I seen. I seen notices in them papers two—three—days ahead. I seen big posters all round town. I seen it said 'Come one! Come all!' I seen it said torches be handed round to everybody wanted 'um. I seen it said where Mr. Laurier and great lot more good men gonto be there. I seen it said where that Mayor McShane gonto make them firemen and them policemen turn out. I seen it said there be heap strangers in town and bands in that procession. I seen it said where that show cost \$3,000. You do all that—you make all them promises—spend little money too—and you kin git all the crowd you want, whether it's to see Mr. Mercier or a jumpin' jack. But I didn't see Mr. Laurier. I seen 'bout same kind of show I seen good many times. You buy some fireworks you kin git plenty boys fire 'um off. You git torches you find plenty little boys carry 'um. You git bands you find plenty people go out and listen. You git coaches you find plenty people ride in 'um. I seen good many fake shows in my time."

"Do you mean to say that the magnificent, the unparalleled, the spontaneous and colossal demonstration in honour of the noble Count Mercier was a fake show?" hotly demanded the reporter.

"Ah-hah," placidly rejoined the sagamore. "Mr. Mercier went over to Europe. This country paid for that—paid heap money too. He talked a good 'eal to them newspapers. You think he's makin' great flourish over there. What he done? He spent \$25,000—he borrowed \$4,000, 's'pose them people over there ain't got no sense? 'S'pose some man come over here huntin' a'fer titles and tryin' to borrow money and flourished round same's if he opened the Francis Train gits in them papers pooty often—he went round the world too. Mebbe somebody in Japan thought

he was heap big Injnn—but it ain't likely. And it don't made him one—even if he managed to borrow some money. Young man—you go home and sleep it off—and the next time you see a feather on a stump don't go round and tell people you know where there's a duck's nest."

With this fatherly admonition the sagamore summarily ejected the reporter from his wigwam. And the crestfallen scribe walked meekly down the path, with his chin on his bosom.



TORONTO, July 24, 1891.



OUR American cousins have not all departed yet; numbers of them are taking advantage of their proximity to Niagara to visit the great waterfall and, *mirabile dictu*, the Canadian Niagara Falls Park.

They have not found Toronto a rough, rude, non-progressive backwoods township, as many of them openly confessed they expected to do, but are filled with admiration of the beautiful city, its beautiful shade trees, green boulevards, wide streets, fine residences and delightful views, as well as of the educational advantages represented by a wealth of noble public schools, two splendid universities, and the numerous colleges and collegiate institutes that adorn the metropolis of Ontario.

Certainly everything has been done that hospitality could dictate to make the stay of our visitors pleasant, both by public and private courtesy. Thousands have viewed the city and its surroundings from the tower of the splendid Canada Life buildings, and thousands more from the highest storey of the new Board of Trade. All have received impressions of the great future before Toronto, and praise of her citizens, their kindness, their courtesy and their polish is on every lip. "We thought you Canadians were a proud, cold people, who would scarcely acknowledge our presence among you, and we have found you kind, warm-hearted and courteous in the highest degree. We shall certainly want to come again," said one visitor, and another took the trouble to express her feelings for a casual kindness: "I have been in many cities where I have had to ask my way, but this is the first time I had a stranger, met on the street, go out of her way and take me whither I wanted to go. You are more than kind."

For ourselves the verdict is, "We like our American cousins; we can learn from them; they say they have learned from us. These conventions are good, for they are peacemakers." *Vale!*

The first flower show of the season was opened at the Horticultural Gardens yesterday. It is a fine display, and shows great alertness on the part of our growers. Mr. Watkins had the exhibition in charge, and the arrangements do him infinite credit. The hall looks very beautiful, great masses of ferns, some of which almost rival the palms in size, lycopodiums, coleus, caladiums, constituting effective foils to the brilliant display of flowers.

Orchids are shown by the score, while nepenthes, and various epiphytes excite the wondering admiration of visitors.

So few people know that the common lady's slipper—moose flower, moccasin plant—as it is variously called, of our woods and swamps, is an orchid, all the varieties of colour, size or form coming under the scientific title of *Cypripedium*—that I may be pardoned for mentioning it. Moreover, I have been told by one who was there in June, 1885, that at Grand Rapids, back of Selkirk, Man., there are orchids of varieties enough to make a fortune for the florist who goes for them.

Of flowering shrubs there is a beautiful display. The colodendrons, the anthuriums and many others attract much attention; the eye lingers longest upon a fine Bougainvillea, with its lovely lavender bloom of three sepals delicately hung at the end of every branch. Almost the first introduced into England I saw at a rose show in England in 1879, where it attracted much attention.

An elk horn fern belonging to Sir D. L. McPherson occupies a bracket in the hall. It is an Australian fern, and grows on deadwood. The specimen shown has no fructiferous fronds, merely two large outspread barren ones growing out of a shield-shaped thallus that, at the back, is covered by numerous thread-like roots, which hold the large fronds tightly in place. The fruitful fronds are flag-form, lobed at the top, and are covered underneath with a thick brown velvet, like one of the polypods. When they are ripe the plant rejects them with a sudden snap, and where the rounded stem entered the plant a little socket remains. It is a most interesting fern, but in my own window-gardening I have never been able to keep it flourishing beyond the third year.

It goes without saying that roses, carnations, lilies, pansies and picoties form the *pièce de résistance* of a midsummer flower show, and are the centre of attraction. Words of praise or description would be thrown away when competition yields such results as are here seen. There are, however, many other deserving flowers, chiefly garden growths; hollyhocks, like roses, petunias, 'like pretty miniature curly lettuces,' as a lady remarked, and large fringed ones also. The old favourite of our gardens, the Sweet William, is well represented, and I was glad to see the rich dark and scarlet ones in esteem again. Perhaps the prettiest and newest among garden flowers on show is the lavender-coloured sweet pea, a very delicate thing. It is called the Butterfly.

In the first-class, the superintendents of our public gardens are most conspicuous: John Chambers, of the Exhibition Grounds; Alonzo Watkins, Horticultural Gardens; George Reeves, Reservoir Park; William Houston, Central Prison (truly a strange habitat for so lovely a pursuit), divide favour with Sir D. L. Macpherson and R. Mearns, Manton Bros., and John Cotterell, private professional growers. All these gentlemen are ardent florists, and let nothing escape them in the foreign markets.

A very praiseworthy departure in the show is the addition of 'Class 6—For children of 15 and under,' for the encouragement of the pursuit of botany by giving prizes for the best collection of native wild flowers named. A glance at the little exhibit shows that the introduction of that very excellent text-book, Spotton's Botany, in our Public Schools is bearing fruit.

Not only were specimens of the common wild flowers, the ox-eye daisy, the early golden rod, the wild camomile, the anemone, and a dozen others exhibited, and generally named, but the rare little sun-dew (*Drosera*), the Turk's-cap lily, the sarracenia, and the wild calla-lily, with others significant of many a long tramp in wood and swamp, book in hand and case on shoulder, were to be seen, testifying to an intelligent interest in a delightful science, and leading to an increased love of country—for what young Canadian will let the wood he has traversed, the bit of swamp he has explored, go to the foreigner without a struggle? Moreover, this and similar pursuits are the substitution of pure pleasures for dangerous ones, of high thinking for debased tastes.

As the only sign of approbation I can make I will close my letter with mention of our young botanists' names.

Bouquet of wild flowers—1, Alice Fielding; 2, G. W. Keith; 3, E. H. White.

Plants, 3 in 5-inch pots—1, John Poulter; 2, Albert Poulter; 3, Mary Bradford.

Wild flowers, cut in bloom—1, Otway White, 2, A. W. Keith; 3, G. W. Keith; 4, E. H. White.

I hope the young people receive prizes, for I do not sympathize with the new fad that would abolish these useful incentives to work. We all work for prizes, and the Father of us all offers us prizes, too.

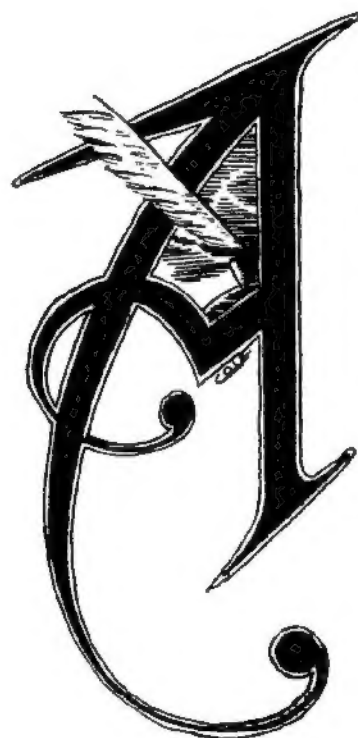
S. A. CURZON.

Lady Macdonald as an Author.

Just before her bereavement, Lady Macdonald, widow of the late Sir John Macdonald, completed her first ambitious literary effort in a series of articles for *The Ladies' Home Journal*, the first one of which will appear in the August number of that periodical. Last summer Lady Macdonald, with a party of friends, traveled in her private car through the most picturesque parts of Canada, and in a delightfully fresh manner she describes her experiences on this trip, in these articles to which she has given the title of "An Unconventional Holiday." A series of beautiful illustrations, furnished by Lady Macdonald, will accompany the articles.

OUR LONDON LETTER.

LONDON, July 4, 1891.



AS far as we can judge from recent events, London is at last waking up to the fact that she is the premier city of the greatest empire in the world. Her way of managing things in the past was apparently to allow streets, buildings and institutions to grow up in a haphazard sort of way, with no real plan and generally with no connection with what has gone before or what perchance may come after. Now, however, there is some chance that this may all be changed—if England and London are to remain where they are on the roll of nations, it must be. We have a County Council, which,

even although it has done almost incredible things is, at least, better in every way than the old and corrupt Metropolitan Boards of Works. Its great work so far has been the widening of old and the building of new streets, for there is no city of any importance in Europe, in the world, that allows its main thoroughfares to remain pokey, narrow little passages, with hardly, in many cases, room for the carriages to stand abreast. But it has been the extraordinary energy of the private individual that has made England what it is—nearly all her triumphs have been the result of one master mind, who, oblivious of red tape, of custom and of precedent, has gone to work in his own way, leaving officialism to follow in the rear. The latest scheme of this beneficent private individual is a particularly happy one. The need has long been felt, ever since, in fact, apprentices and clerks gave up living over their masters' shop or warehouse, for some kind of residential club for young men and women, who, perhaps strangers to London, and with no friends, have to poke themselves away in tiny and badly-managed lodgings, where often they have but a bed-room, and that a sorry one. It has often been thought that if a residential club were built, possessing all the conveniences on a slightly modified and less expensive scale, of the large club houses in the west end, and that if it were fitted up for residential needs, a very long felt want where young men are concerned would be immediately supplied. A number of abortive attempts to supply the want have been made, but they have all failed, for want of money and good management, but now we seem in a fair way to have it supplied in a manner somewhat commensurate with the need. Mr. Durward Brown, the prime mover and originator of the scheme, is an architect by profession, and he has drawn up a number of plans for the first of a proposed series of buildings, which are to be put up all over London. I have seen the plans and drawings and am certainly surprised at their magnificence—everything which modern luxuriance can suggest will be provided—the decorations and fittings being of the finest, no shoddy, no stamping, and above all no jerry-building will be allowed. On the ground floor of the building, which it is calculated will hold 450 residents, will be the singing and reception rooms—a notable point, showing the way that public opinion is tending, being that ladies will be admitted quite freely to all the reception rooms. The arrangements for meals and victualling will be of the best, the whole of the cooking being under the control of a first-class chef. The upper floors will be devoted to the bed rooms and single rooms, which in every case will be exceedingly light and airy, with a bow window and an alcove, curtained over to hide the bed. Lifts will be kept going at all hours day and night, and no objection will be raised against men stopping out as late as they like as long as they behave themselves when they do come in. A number of lawn tennis courts will also be among the attractions, and a swimming bath. It has been estimated that the cost of the building, land and furniture will be £100,-

000, to procure which a limited company will be formed. No difficulty should be found, however, as it is calculated that the money will be returned at the rate of some eighteen per cent.; only five per cent., however, finding its way into the pockets of the shareholders, the remaining balance being devoted to the betterment of the scheme.

On June 29, Mr. Willie Edouin, finding that "A Night's Frolic" hardly proved the success that was anticipated, revived "Katti" at the Strand Theatre, where it was first produced three years ago with signal success. It is an adaptation from a French original by Mr. Charles S. Fawcett, who has made his farce screamily funny although wildly extravagant. The vagaries of Katti Bloter, the German maid-of-all-work, so admirably acted by Miss Alice Atherton, kept the house in roars of laughter, and Mr. Willie Edouin himself as Fenniken Fluffy was equally amusing and mirth-provoking. Whether or no "Katti" will recuperate Mr. Edouin's exhausted treasury remains to be seen, but it will if its success is at all equal to its merits.

I paid another visit to "Ivanhoe" at the Royal English Opera a few nights ago and was more than ever pleased with both the opera and the performers. Sir Arthur Sullivan's music, too, is of the sort which one can appreciate better after the first hearing, and Mr. Julian Sturgis's libretto improves on acquaintance. But it is the performers who seem mostly to have improved—Miss Lucille Hill as Rebecca and Mr. Eugene Dudin being simply superb, not only in their singing but also in their acting—and it is but seldom that one has the opportunity of seeing good acting in grand opera. By no means miss seeing "Ivanhoe" if you are coming to England this year.

Mr. W. T. Stead has prepared another bomb-shell with which to startle London. This time it is a character sketch of the Prince of Wales, for the *Review of Reviews*, written *apropos* of the baccarat scandal. The Prince, Mr. Stead says, has had his warnings, and if he disregards this latest one, he will have to abdicate his claim to the throne. Practically the article is the protest of the Nonconformist conscience against the Prince's way of living, and the article gathers additional weight from a number of caricatures anent the baccarat case and the Prince's debts, which have been reproduced from the comic papers of America, Australia, and France.

If the late Sir Richard Burton's *magnus opus*—"The Scented Garden"—ought to have taken its place among the curiosities of literature, still more must Lady Burton's letter anent the burning of the same be included among them. Rarely have more pathetic and melancholy lines been penned. However much the destruction of so curious and singular a work may be deplored, it is impossible not to admire the simple stoicism of the woman who, rather than let go forth what she had reason to believe might still further debase a certain number of connoisseurs in a certain class of literature, chose not only to give up the £6,000 offered her for the MS., but deliberately annihilated all the work of her husband's last years. All those who knew the Burtons thought as highly of the wife as of Sir Richard, and the couple's devotion to one another was noteworthy. Just before Sir Richard's death they had begun writing out together what would have proved a most fascinating book, their joint reminiscences, for it would have been difficult to have named any one of literary or of political European eminence outside the Burton circle.

The Literary Ladies' Dinner seems by all account to have been a very lively and brilliant function, although Mrs. Lynn Linton and "John Strange Winter" were conspicuous by their absence; both English and American women who write were fairly represented. Mrs. Emily Crawford, the veteran correspondent of the *London Daily News*, the *New York Tribune* and Henry Labouchere's *Truth*, had come over from France on purpose to be present, and in answer to Mrs. L. T. Mead's toast of the Queen, played an excellently composed piece. Among those present were Mrs. Mona Caird, of "Is Marriage a Failure?" fame, Mrs. Frank Leslie, the only publisher present, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, who responded to the toast of American literature, and Miss G. Middle-

apropos of literary feasts, Mr. Walter Besant has already sent out invitations for the Annual Incorporated Society of Authors' Dinner. Some 200 guests will be present, and among the after-dinner speakers will be Mr. Oscar Wilde and George Augustus Sala.

GRANT RICHARDS.

Personal and Literary Notes.

Quite a little romance hangs around the marriage of the daughter of Joseph Jefferson, the American actor, to B. L. Farjeon, the English novelist. Miss Jefferson was in London with her father in 1876, and, having read some of Farjeon's books, expressed a wish to meet the author. Mr. Jefferson, who knew the writer, arranged an introduction, and it was a case of love at first sight on each side. They were married after a brief courtship. The novelist is below the medium height, with a round, jolly face, fringed by side whiskers. He writes all his stories on a typewriter. He is also a shorthand writer, and carries a notebook, in which he jots down his ideas as they strike him.

When Mr. Herbert Gladstone first went to Oxford, his rooms were at the top of No. 1 Staircase, University Hall. A stranger would have thought it queer to have heard gentlemen visitors standing at the bottom of the stairs, shouting at the top of their voices, "Tuppence," as if they would give that amount to be carried up. But a look through Mr. Gladstone's album lying on his table would have afforded an explanation, for there, in the order of their ages, are photos of the whole family, from the G.O.M. downwards, and, lastly, one of himself, under which is written "Little Tuppence," which, it appears, is a pet name of his with the family and some few of his more intimate friends. The said friends would take the precaution to shout and ascertain if he was in his rooms before making the long journey upstairs, perhaps to find he was out.

Prince Louis of Battenberg, like all the German princes, has learnt a trade. He became a printer. A short time ago, when serving on the Dreadnought, it occurred to him to turn his early training to account, so he printed a history of the Dreadnought, and presented a copy to each of his shipmates.

The Prince of Wales is very fond of animals. Amongst the large collection of pets at Sandringham is the little green parrot which talks splendidly; he is located in the hall, and to every visitor he calls out, "Now then, hip, hip, hurrah for the Queen." It is understood H.R.H. became possessed of the bird in a peculiar way, having personally purchased it of a small boy in Trafalgar Square, whilst crossing it with his equeyry one day.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer, it is said, aspires, like Michael Angelo, to do everything. He paints in oil and water, etches, writes plays, composes music, is stage machinist as well as scene painter, carves, is an architect, and also "teaches the young idea how to shoot." For all the varieties of his artistic work he has separate rooms, all arranged and fitted up to serve the special purpose for which they are designed and to facilitate his work.

Zola receives £1,000 for every novel published in feuilleton form. The publisher, Charpentier, has published one million and thirty-one thousand volumes bearing his name. The novelist says that his critics are right in their remarks about the extent of his gains; but, he observes, parenthetically, that his money goes more quickly than it comes. He lives in very expensive style, and does not trouble about saving; but, having roughed it when young, he will not flinch before poverty should it surprise him in his old age.

Every year the King and Queen of Saxony retire to the rural castle of Sibyllmont, in Silesia. Her Majesty daily visits amongst the poorest of her subjects, and even in her dress seems to endeavour to bring them closer to her. Her costume invariably consists of a short grey cloth skirt and a plain grey velvet bodice, with a little white shawl crossed over her breast. A little Dutch hood of white linen is over her fair hair, while a pair of stout shoes complete a costume that is modelled closely upon the style of the villagers.

President Balmaceda, of Chili, is a stern and arbitrary man, with cold grey eyes, thin lips, and an angular chin. He possesses more education and ability than are usually found in a South American dictator.

TRAVELLING SCRAPS.

"Oh, dear! Travelling is so dull when you're alone. No one you know on the cars, and you can't see anything, you go so fast. For my part I hate travelling unless you have some one to talk to all the time."

Now, I often hear these sentiments expressed in various terms, but I do not agree with them one bit. I daresay that constant travellers do get sick of it, almost anything palls upon one when it becomes a daily, hourly tread mill, so I don't include these, although they must see a lot of life, which is better than fossilizing in a hum-drum little town, perhaps, as so many do. I just take the ordinary run of people who travel. I have travelled a good deal, by land and sea, and it is seldom I have felt that *ennui* so bitterly complained of, usually by women. I think if people kept their eyes and ears open, and especially if they have a sense of the ridiculous, they can get a fund of amusement out of even a short journey, and, to take a graver view, they can often gain a great deal of information, and insight into character. I seldom care to talk in the cars, as I find it fatigues me more than anything else, although, of course, I am always glad to greet an acquaintance and have a little friendly chat. Not being of the shut-up, oyster temperament which refuses to come out of its shell, I don't always wait for an introduction, either, to a strange fellow traveller, who likes to say a pleasant word or two. However, I am "branching off" so I come now to a few little items which have served me from feeling dull on several short journeys.

Travelling one afternoon not very long ago in a crowded car (a gentleman, by the way, very kindly gave up his seat to me, and stood all the way himself, if he sees this he'll know I don't forget a courteous act), I observed a handsome though somewhat delicate looking man sitting near me on the opposite side of the car. I really could not help looking at him and speculating about him, and my thoughts assumed a touch of romance. That face had capabilities surely! I could imagine it under various emotions. The clear cut profile, the tall, gentlemanly figure all impressed me, pleased my sense of fitness, and so I wove a speculative web round about him. Presently he spoke to a boy, and in a minute or so the youngster appeared with a goblet of water; my interesting friend swiftly and gracefully slipped something into the boy's hand (I suppose a piece of money), then as swiftly, although not quite so gracefully, he put his hand to his mouth, gave a peculiar jerk, forward, then back, and horrors! swallowed (evidently) a digestive pill, or a capsule or something equally commonplace, drank a draught of water and subsided into his former *dolce far niente* attitude! Alas! the charm was over, the spell broken, his clear cut profile could no longer stir me into shadowy, speculative dreams. Somehow romance and a digestive pill don't seem to go together, especially when that same pill is taken in a crowded railway car!

Clouds, drizzle, pouring rain, and excursion day! Surely no fun to be got out of a morning's travel this time. Mistaken again, although I own frankly that to the bedraggled and disappointed ones there is hardly that keen sense of the ludicrous in the situation which comes readily enough to the scribbler who was not caught in the rain (as it did not commence until after starting) and who sits calm and dry, taking mental notes with a cruel bloodthirstiness. We stop at a station where a woe-l-e-gone group of wet people stand. Children, umbrellas—dripping, shining water-proofs, muddy boots and baskets, all in a tangled, fumbling mass! No picturesque groups here to catch the artist eye—sweet faces, buxom matrons, proud fathers, blooming children—where are they? Even the baskets look forlorn, and as if they wished they could just empty themselves and trundle home again; and as for the umbrellas, "Well," cry they, "we'll stand this as long as we can, but if it blows, we'll strike, and if they don't go home then, we'll blow right inside out, and that will teach these searchers after pleasure to bring us out again on a nasty, wet morning."

Here they come! Those who are already comfortably seated look askance at the hustling crowd of children and women, with a sprinkling of men who look as though they were meekly led to the slaughter, and who usually "slope off" into the smoking car with a friend of like proclivity. Sometimes these tender husbands and fathers come back at decent intervals to see that the major portion of their inter-

esting families are in want of nothing save a fine day! Many a careworn, over-worked mother would have liked better to turn back and go peacefully home, but just think of the youngsters! What is rain to them? Have they not looked forward to this rapturous day of fishing, boating and clothes-spoiling for weeks? They'd rather face a cyclone than live another week of expectation. (We can smile at this in the little ones, but are there not many of us who carry out this dangerous plan, and snatch the present joy unthinkingly and to our cost?)

I suppose the rain dulled me for a few minutes, so I must shake off the moralizing fit.

Gracious, what a fat woman! And after glaring round for a minute, her eye lights upon a small space opposite poor me; she has baskets, wraps (all wet) and an umbrella fairly reeking with rain! A friend of mine had just left that seat for a short time (never do that on excursion day, my friends, if you expect to resume your quarters). I mildly insinuated that the seat was taken, but down she plumped, flushed and ruffled. Says she, "I don't keep no seats for no one, I keeps my own and that's all that can be expected. I've travelled too much not to know what's right. Folk's shouldn't be selfish, they must look after their own seats, I've paid for a seat and I'm goin' to have it." All this with a voluble tongue and a "woman's rights" expression, calculated to drive grim terror into the breast of the listener! This same votary of "unselfishness" dumped her aforesaid "reeking" umbrella into a lady's hitherto dry dress, and upon a remonstrance, snatched it up and laid it in another little spare corner she espied, which must have rendered that spare corner extremely uncomfortable and garment damping (not to say rheumatism catching) to the next unfortunate who sat therein! Such are some of the idiosyncrasies of travellers. To tell the honest truth I fear we all feel a little selfish on a wet day in a crowded car.

A fine morning this time, but here comes a sadder sight that any which the wet day brought. A woman is helped along, and tenderly placed in the seat next to me. I cannot feel selfish now, for I know I am sitting next to death. I make way, with a feeling of mingled sympathy and awe. I wonder sometimes whether she has gone to the great "Beyond?" Surely, yes. She evidently was quite unfit to travel, even that short distance, but I did not enquire the why and wherefore of the journey, doubtless there was good reason, and it was no business of mine to penetrate into her affairs, and certainly not in her bearing. I do not remember ever having seen anyone look so near death and be sitting up. The person with her whispered to me "consumption," but no such information was needed. Alas!

The summer has waned—no more excursions. Plenty of room now, and "plenty of room" shows up a somewhat curious phase of character, if it can be so called. Some, however, seem to utterly lose their self-possession when travelling. Lately I came across a specimen of this class. A stout, fussy-looking lady entered the car and after nervously glancing round, she pounced upon almost the only lady present (myself) and asked "Is this seat taken?" meaning the one next to me. It certainly was not taken, so I couldn't "tell a lie," although I am not a direct descendant of that fabulous boy George Washington. I murmured "No, but there are plenty of seats with more room." No use, the sight of the manly occupants of most of the other seats was enough, apparently. She passed over any number of good, comfortable seats and squeezed in beside me. For my own part, I have always found so much courtesy amongst gentleman travellers, that I do not feel that wild desire to seat myself anywhere so long as it is not near a man. But I love my own sex and am quite convinced there is nothing like it on earth, (in heaven there may be perhaps!) If any one differs with me and would like an "argument," I will forward my card on application.

I felt rather out of temper, I think, at being squeezed up for no earthly reason—so did not invite conversation, but turned to the window, and lo! What a sight! We passed a pretty wooded hollow,—the fall tints are all too plain, but how lovely they are! As I swiftly pass on—more tints, from palest yellow to deepest brown, meet my gaze than I can describe. Now—a bleak-looking, almost leafless tree—then

a bit of vivid green. Presently a rich, warm crimson and a delicate yellow. They all blend into one harmonious whole, and, like a flash, are gone! Fair nature put me into a good temper again, and when the panorama of autumn loveliness had passed, or rather our prosaic train had passed it, I could find it in my heart to turn and speak a pleasant word to my squeezing and nervous fellow "travelleress" (or "travelless"—which word shall I coin?).

* * *

Here comes a big, burly, horsey-looking man, and he greets a quiet looking individual reading a newspaper: "Hello! How are you? Fine morning." Suitable reply on other side; then they set to. I don't think either of them was the American President, the Governor-General, or even Premier Abbott or the Hon. Oliver Mowat,—but oh! didn't they just "settle up" the affairs of the nation! "Annexation," "McKinley Bill," "Tariff," "Election," "Policy this and Policy 'tother." I tell you that by the time one of them got off, the whole thing was cut and dried and ready to serve. I rather fancy the horsey, big, burly man had the best of it. He had a good natured, well fed ring in his voice, which would come out finely in "He's a jolly good fellow" and "We won't go home," &c. He seemed perfectly satisfied he had talked the other fellow down—all in good nature though. His adversary had simply less fluency. He had a satisfaction, too, I think. An argument—not too hot, and ending with, "Well, well, maybe your right," is always safe and does not admit too much. Argument, too, sharpens one's wits and makes one think. Many a man persists in his own theories simply because no one dares contradict him. I do love to make some people argue, and I make no doubt that "some people" get an equal amount of satisfaction in combating my opinion likewise. Such is life, and there is no use in taking up space in the dictionary over the word "argument" if every one is to think alike. Existence would be as colourless as it is made to be in that awful book, "Looking Backward." By-the-bye, what a dearth of polite and impolite literature there would be if we really ever did become "looking backwardites." No one would have spirit or ambition enough to write anything. Even letters would hardly be needed. Why take the trouble to write when you could press a knob and—hey—presto! see right into your friend's mind, then turn a handle and thus suddenly flood his (or her) understanding with a knowledge of all you wish to say!

Does this come under the head of "Travelling Scraps?" Hardly perhaps; but those even-tempered and most intensely self-satisfied *Marionettes* in "Looking Backward" always set my argument bristles ruffling.

A June Morning.

Damp with the gentle rain of yester-night,
As yet unwooded by Phoebus, high in air,
This mossy path outstretches past my sight,
And curves with elfish mischief here and there.
See where the sunlight's richness prodigal
Is cast in quivering patches on the scene,
As if 'twere fair immortal day let fall
Upon these shady haunts of woodland green!

The brambles cling about me, as if loath
That I should leave them and pass by alone;
A free full-throated thrush his music forth
Flings to the silent, listening wood—Ah, gone.
Why should all lovely things before us flee,
But such as cannot cleave the circling air,—
Or why sweet nature's presence may we see,
And feel between the gulf she fixes there?

But now a troop of nymphs and fawns, I know
Fled with a swift, wild whirl behind the trees,—
What else could mean this sudden silence, so
Apparent? Tell, thou far-wandering breeze,
I hear them laughing softly . . . Hark! and see
—Almost, I mean—a gleeful, impish face
Peering, believe, most cautiously at me
From the cool depths of yonder leafy space!

I like to think the young god Pan lives still,—
Though dead to us, alas! that this must be—
And pipes according to his sovereign will
To all things wild, and beautiful and free.
For who can tell—but like the crimson rose,
Our fair, first mother's gift from Paradise,
Whose perfume comes to each through life who goes
Once only—we, the too, too worldly-wise
Grown wiser in sweet sylvan lore, may chance
On Pan himself, amongst his merry throng,
And for one startled moment see the dance
And listen to the god's immortal song!

KAY LIVINGSTONE.



HIS MAJESTY WILLIAM II., EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

Gossip from Nova Scotia

ACKVILLE, N.B., has a historical society; Judge Morse, of Amherst, is president. The learned judge makes his story quite a hobby, and has already delivered a number of interesting lectures upon the past of the Provinces; the establishing of a society for the purpose of research in a portion of the country which is full of the most engaging history, speaks well for the enlightened tastes of the people of the Isthmus, and promises fair for future entertainment of a very agreeable character. Judge Morse's pleasing presence and captivating eloquence are well-known as well without as within the profession, and the Society have chosen wisely in appointing the learned gentleman to preside over their proceedings.

The Academy of Music, Halifax, has lately been occupied by a dramatic company under the able and popular leadership of Mr. W. S. Harkins. An old-time favorite here; among other productions one that proved a great attraction was "Captain Swift"—the play that had such a successful run in New York lately, and which netted such handsome profit to its proprietor. On the 27th inst., a season of opera will open, when the company which has been entertaining St. John lately, will seek to amuse Halifax theatre-goers. The star is Miss Adelaide Randall, and the company includes in its repertoire a large number of modern popular operas. The pretty little Academy is never too hot for comfort, and in midsummer occur the most successful engagements; the large number of visitors from across the border, who are accustomed to nightly entertainment of some description, find the summer attractions at the Academy a simple and convenient source of amusement, and they form no small proportion of the audiences during the season; in fact there are not wanting cases where Americans visiting Halifax have heard for the first time plays or operas that have been most popular in their big cities during the past season. The acquirement by a syndicate, recently, of Maplewood, one of the loveliest estates on the North-West Arm, for the accommodation of summer visitors, will make Halifax still more desirable as a watering place, but among the other attractions the entertainments at the Academy are no mean factor.

Although it was hoped that something might occur to prevent it, the departure of Miss Louise Laine from our city is now a fact; the universal expressions of regret at this event testify to the popularity Miss Laine has attained during her stay in Halifax.

The second largest ship built in the Dominion was launched the 6th instant at the shipyard of Mr. C. R. Burgess, in Kingsport, N.S. The vessel's registered tonnage is 2,400—only slightly lower than that of the "W. D. Lawrence," the largest ship ever built in Canada, and which is now sailing under the Norwegian flag. The ship is happily named the "Canada," and her owners and all that belong to her are staunch believers both in her and her namesake. There is no more beautiful and thrilling sight in the world than the successful launching of a large and stately ship, and the passage of the "Canada" from her temporary abiding place to her proper element was a complete success in every sense of the word. Five thousand people came from all parts of the Western counties to feast their eyes on the beautiful proportions and appointments of the lovely craft, and although a great many were soaked to the skin by a thunder shower which passed over shortly after the event, nobody grumbled, for they felt they were more than repaid. No people build better ships or take more pride in them than Nova Scotians; and no one who has not experienced the feeling can appreciate the sensation of intense and hushed excitement that pervades everywhere and gradually increases from the moment when the first block is struck to the thrilling and uncertain moment when the first indication of life is perceptible in the towering monster, and everyone takes a gulp of breath which must last until the trying time is over, and the ship is riding easily far out from the "ways" and danger. Last year the elder sister of the "Canada" was launched from the same yard; she is called the "King's County" and is smaller by 275 tons.

The *Mercury* will issue a midsummer number about the

middle of this month, to be called the Summer Resort edition. It promises to surpass everything in the nature of a special number that has ever been issued in Halifax, which is saying a good deal. The illustrations will embrace Point Pleasant Park, the Public Gardens, the North West Arm, naval and other local sketches. A society novel, with local scenes and characters, will be contained in the number, and contributions will appear from the most prominent writers in the country, including an especially interesting article on "Historic Halifax" from the pen of Prof. A. Macmechan, of Dalhousie College. The cover is a particularly fine bit of work representing Halifax City and Harbor by moonlight. I have written in the future tense, but by the time this appears, it will probably be past.

The observation of Dominion Day in the loyal old town of Windsor was conducted in a manner highly satisfactory to those who had the details of the programme under their charge. The weather was unusually fine, and popular enthusiasm was keener than ever. Since the formation of the Windsor Amateur Athletic Association, a few years ago, a really high-class programme of sports has been executed yearly under their patronage; this year's programme was more attractive than ever and was carried out in a manner that called forth the greatest praise and delight. In the morning the Lawn Tennis Club distinguished itself by defeating representative clubs from Halifax and Kentville, the interests of the home club being entrusted to Messrs. Hensley and Dimock; it is doubtful if there is a stronger team in the Provinces than these two gentlemen. The proceedings of the day were brought to a close by a very agreeable promenade concert and pyrotechnic display. Windsor has now settled down into the rut of dullness which always prevails from the first of July to the beginning of October, when the College re-opens. I don't suppose there is any place in the world much duller than Windsor in the summer; why, a funeral there almost amounts to a dissipation.

This reminds me of something: "A shoe drummer for a Toronto house, says an exchange, called on a merchant and handed him a picture of his betrothed instead of his business card, saying he represented that establishment. The merchant examined it carefully, remarked that it was a fine establishment, and returned it to the astonished man, with a hope that he would soon be admitted into partnership." What it reminds me of is old Angus down in Cape Breton; his surname is that of seven-eighths of the people there; Angus got married once, and on introducing his wife to anyone, invariably presented her as "my contrivance."

Do you not think that this young scamp deserved something pretty dreadful?

On Sunday morning.—Miss Tavish—"Ah, Johnny, I have caught you with a fishing pole over your shoulder! I shall go and tell your father. Where is he?" Johnny—"Down in the garden diggin' bait."

A boy that makes his father dig all the the bait doesn't deserve to catch any fish.

Halifax has a parlour musee all to itself; it is in the Masonic Hall; you pay ten cents and go in, and see and

hear many unusual and interesting things. Chief among them, and by far the biggest attraction, though the smallest feature, is a human midget, who stands only thirty inches at full height above the sea level; he has a name as big as any other man—Dudley Foster—and is nineteen years of age. The advertisement calls him one of the salient features of the show, also the world's exclusive wonder; it is really wonderful how well he bears up under these epithets, combined with his title of Prince Tynymite. "You were born in Nova Scotia, I believe," an admiring spectator said to him the other day. "Yes," the midget who was feeling somewhat bored, replied, "but I could not help that." He speaks in a shrill piping voice which sounds far off as though he were speaking into a water pipe. He would make a profitable boarder at two dollars and a half a week. An educated monkey and a Punch and Judy show are among other features of the entertainment, it is not stated that they are salient, though I believe the monkey does dance; probably an educated monkey wouldn't stand the slight. On the night after the museum opened the management advertised, "During his (the midget) stay he has entertained thousands," which proves what a big business he is doing; the notice continued, "Never again will you have an opportunity of seeing so much for so little money," which will, no doubt, have the effect of bringing thousands more to be entertained.

The People's Bank of Halifax have opened a branch at Port Hood, the County Town of Inverness County. Inverness is one of the largest counties in the Province, and has hitherto been practically without banking facilities; consequently when a man wanted to buy a barrel of flour or some other domestic supplies in the stores, he usually had to drive a cow or a couple of pigs to town and get his goods in exchange for them; cash was a scarce article in the county, though there was plenty of produce to be exchanged for it. Now the men of Inverness may leave their cows and pigs at home, and proceed to town much more comfortably, with the miniature equivalent for stock in his pocket. In a few years improved railway facilities will have changed the entire face of the island of Cape Breton; but at the time of writing, in most parts of it, it is a good deal behind the times—well, Methuselah would just feel perfectly at home there.

Zola says that his novels have not been well translated in this country. He should remember Dr. Johnson's remark about a dog walking on his hands. "Sir," he said, "it is not done well, of course; but you are surprised that it is done at all."—*Boston Post*.

After listening to a parliamentary candidate's fervid appeal, at New Malton, a shrewd Yorkshire farmer was asked what he thought of the speech. His reply was simply:

"Why, I don't know, but I think six hours' rain would ha' done us a deal mair good!"



IN THE ACADIAN COUNTRY.





THE HONOURABLE JAMES CUTHBERT, AND CATHARINE, HIS WIFE.

AN HISTORIC CANADIAN FAMILY.

THE CUTHBERTS OF BERTHIER.

No family in Canada has a more interesting history than that of the Cuthberts of Berthier.

The first of that name who came to Canada, James Cuthbert, was the great grandson of John Cuthbert, Baron of Castlehill, in the language of the Lyon King of Arms, "chief of that ancient surname." His father was John Cuthbert, of Inverness, and his mother Beatrice, the daughter of David Cuthbert, of Andresier.

These Cuthberts of Castlehill were descended from George Cuthbert, who in 1411 commanded the forces raised by the town of Inverness at the Battle of Harlaw against the rebellious Donald, Lord of the Isles, and whose standard George Cuthbert seized.

This bearer of the name of Cuthbert was the representative of an ancient Saxon family in the Kingdom of Northumberland. This territory at one time embraced not only the present county of this name, but also York, Lancaster, Durham, Cumberland and Westmoreland,—the tract north of the Humber. It is asserted that the Cuthberts were the English relatives of the most famous saint of the North, the prior of the earlier Melrose and Bishop of Lindisfarne, St. Cuthbert, who died in 687, and whose bones at length found a resting place in Durham Cathedral. Anterior to this the family are said to have come from Tuteland.

The battle of Harlaw was one of the most obstinately contested in the early annals of Great Britain. The Earl of Mar commanded the Royal forces, and such was the carnage that Buchanan says there perished in this conflict more illustrious men than had fallen in foreign wars during many previous years. The ground was obstinately contested on both sides; neither was eventually victorious.

For the conspicuous valour shown by the Cuthberts in this engagement, to the serpent azure their shields displayed that day was then added a *fesse gules* as a perpetual

monument to their honour. The *fesse* is now different, but the sliding azure serpent is still borne.

James Cuthbert served in early life in the navy. He was lieutenant in Admiral Vernon's flagship in 1740, at the siege of Carthage, and carried home the news of the taking of the forts.

He also transferred his sword to the sister service, and we find him in command of one of the independent companies at Inverness, the Highland watch. The town presented him with a piece of plate in recognition of special services.

James Cuthbert then served with that very gallant regiment which commenced to gather its laurels as the 43rd, and has ever since continued the harvest under every sky as the 42—"the Forty-two."

We find him in 1758 with the 15th, or Amherst's regiment. England was at this time protecting her possessions in different parts of the globe, and carrying on an aggressive war on the French in Canada, and the 15th regiment was employed at Louisbourg. Here Cuthbert took part in the capture of the American Dunkirk.

The following year he served in the same regiment in the memorable campaign under Wolfe on the St. Lawrence, which terminated in the Battle of the Plains.

No one can read without emotion the notice of the sailing of the last ship of the fleet from the St. Lawrence for England—after the taking of Quebec. Wolfe's body was being borne to his resting-place among his kindred. Montcalm's earthly remains were in the keeping of the sisters of St. Ursula, in their picturesque chapel. They lay in a soldier's grave, made by a shell of his adversary—Murray and his little army were left in the midst of a strange land. Hundreds of miles of snow on every side separated them from the nearest friendly post. The brave and accomplished Levis, burning to retrieve the defeat of

the Plains, was preparing to retake the city. He was a foe in every respect worthy of Murray's resources. He was at home, his forces accustomed to the climate, and he was kept advised of every movement the English made by friends in and around the walls of Quebec. Fortunately the greatest unanimity existed among the garrison. The spring found Levis besieging the city.

Anxious eyes were directed across the basin towards the island of Orleans. It was a question which fleet would arrive soonest. For had the French succor appeared first, with besiegers on the plains and a hostile armament in the river, Murray would have been placed in a trying position. That winter and spring he buried a thousand men of his garrison.

Captain Cuthbert was A.D.C. to the general, shared the anxiety of that first winter, and carried to England his despatches.

Quebec was relieved, Montreal capitulated, and Canada became a British dependency. Captain Cuthbert remained with General Murray during his stay in Canada.

Lieutenant-Governor Guy Carleton was appointed on the 24th September, 1766, and on the 28th November of that year we find Captain Cuthbert a member of the Legislative Council.

Captain Cuthbert had resolved to make Canada his home, and left the army.

On the 7th March, 1765, by notarial deed, executed at the city of Montreal, before Simonet and Panet, notaries in the house of John Fraser, Esq., Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, the Honourable Captain Cuthbert acquired from Sieur Pierre Noël Courthias Bourgeois, then resident at Bayonne, in France, represented by his brother, the seigniory of Berthier, a tract of land of about fifteen miles front by about twenty-one miles in depth, on the north shore of the river St. Lawrence, nearly opposite the mouth of the Richelieu.

This seigniory was principally held under two titles, one of the 27th August, 1674, from Count Frontenac to Captain Alexandre Berthier, and the other 31st December, 1732, from the Marquis de Beauharnois and Hocquart, intendant to Sieur Pierre l'Etage.

Captain Cuthbert paid a considerable sum for the property by draft on George Ross, Esq., of London, payable on the ratification by the absentee vendor of certain formalities connected with the sale.

Captain Berthier was a distinguished officer of the famous Carignan Salieres Regiment. He had seen ser-

vice in Europe. His name, like that of many of his brother officers, is preserved in the counties of this province. He was born in 1638 in the diocese of Perigueuse, in France, and came to this country with his regiment. He was a Huguenot, but changed his religion for that of the Roman Catholic at Quebec in 1665 in the presence of Monseigneur de Laval, of de Tracy, de Courcelles and Talon.

After the regiment was disbanded he married, at Quebec, on the 11th October, 1672, Miss Marie Le Gardeur, daughter of Charles Le Gardeur de Tilly and Genevieve Juchereau. There were present at the wedding, among others, Pierre Saurel, Jacques de Chambly, Jean Juchereau de la Ferté and Nicholas Dupont. The first-named of these gentlemen was not only a brother officer, but a brother-in-law, having married Miss Catherine Le Gardeur. In the immediate future they were neighbours on the river St. Lawrence. Berthier was at this time thirty-four years of age and his bride twenty-one.

Less than three weeks after Captain Berthier's marriage he received another seigniory in the county of Bellechasse of two leagues square.

To any one acquainted with the old noblesse the above names recall many memories. Some of the connections are still known to us.

Captain Berthier was living in Canada in 1708. It is presumed he returned to France, as his burial is not recorded in this country. After certain mutations the seigniory passed into the hands of this Pierre Noël Courthiau.

On the 24th January, 1778, John Hooke Campbell, of Baugeston, Lyon King of Arms, at the request of Captain James Cuthbert, certified that the following Ensigns armorial were marticated in the public registers of the Lyon office as belonging to him; "or, on a fess azure, three Frasers, Argent-in-Chief, a serpent gliding in Pale of the second, armed and langued Gules. Above the shield is placed an Helmet befitting his Degree, with a Mantling Gules, the doubling Argent. On a wreath of his liveries is set for Crest an armed dexter Arm issuing out of the Wreath in Pale, holding an Arrow, both Proper, and in an Escroll above the crest is this motto—"Fortiter"; and certified he was the eleventh in descent from the George Cuthbert who commanded the Inverness forces at Harlaw and had seized the standard of the Lord of the Isles, and that this George Cuthbert represented the ancient Saxon Northumbrian family.

Captain Cuthbert settled on his seigniory, and began to instil among the new subjects of His Majesty sentiments of loyalty and attachment to the crown of England.

The minds of the French Canadians were disturbed by the different views advanced for their government, which assumed a definite shape in the Quebec Act. The American Revolution quickly followed. The revolted colonies made direct overtures to the Canadians to join them, and much anxiety was experienced by the Government.

On the invasion of the Province by the Americans, Berthier and its neighbourhood became the theatre, not only of differences in political sentiments, but of military operations.

Here not only was the judgment and firmness of Captain Cuthbert of great value in suppressing insurrectionary movements, but his military experience was again called into requisition. The Americans were in possession of Sorel. They proposed to surprise and capture seven heavily laden ordnance transports which were in the river. Cuthbert visited their camp and acquired information of this intention. He thereupon crossed during the night in a bark canoe, with muffled paddles, to the headquarters of General Simon Frazer at Three Rivers, informed him of the enemy's design, and, on his advice, the British advance post at Point du Lac was reinforced and the transports ordered to fall down the river to Cap Madelaine. They were thus saved.

A masked battery was also erected on the shore at Point du Lac, by means of which the American flotilla, conveying their army at night from the River Nicolet, where they had secretly collected, was so warmly received on nearing the shore that they were entirely defeated and their boats destroyed.

The American General at Sorel being informed of this service of Captain Cuthbert, sent a detachment of troops to Berthier, seized the person of the seigneur, burnt the Manor House, took possession of his mills, and destroyed property to the value of several thousand pounds. Cuthbert was sent a prisoner in irons to Albany.

The British Government never indemnified the family for this loss.

While himself a devoted member of the Reformed Church, he appears to have left to his sons rather the choice of their religious belief than to have expected them necessarily to have followed his. He sent them to be educated at the Roman Catholic college at Donai, in Flanders. It is unnecessary to recall the fact that many of the Highland families were Roman Catholics.

To Captain Cuthbert belongs the honour of having built the first Protestant place of worship in New France, and the first bell whose notes echoed through the forests of this province calling its hearers to a service according to the faith of the Reformers, was in the belfry of this church.

It was primarily intended for and principally used as a family chapel.

Most appropriately the gallant Highlander, whose ancestors had fought on so many Scottish battle fields, dedicated this church to the patron saint of his native land, and the first Protestant Church in Canada received the name of the apostle who first followed his Lord and Master, St. Andrew. The services were at first conducted in the Presbyterian form by a Scotch clergyman, who was a member of Captain Cuthbert's family, and was tutor to his children. A few years later the Anglican clergyman at Sorel would come over, and officiated for the family of the seigneur and such other Protestants as were then to be found at Berthier.

It is not easy at this distance of time to say when the services were discontinued in St. Andrew's Church, but in all probability it was shortly after the erection of the first church in Sorel.

This interesting building, of which an illustration appeared a short time since in this publication, is built of rough stone, and is situated about half a mile from the River St. Lawrence and from the first manor house of the English seigneur of Berthier. It is about thirty eight feet in length and twenty-five feet in width. The walls are two feet thick. A spacious belfry, for the size of the church, surmounted it. Its diameter was about a third of the length of the building; it had eight openings, and terminated in an octagonal spire, very little exceeding in height the belfry. The whole of this addition to the chapel was about the height of the gable wall. The present belfry and steeple are substitutes for the original ones, which perished with time.

In the middle of the wall of the opposite end was a very tastefully and neatly executed pulpit, surmounted by a covering or canopy, and ascended by a straight staircase. There were no pews. The members of the family and other worshippers of position occupied the floor of the chapel in front of the pulpit, seated on chairs. An elevated gallery, about ten feet wide, at the other end, was devoted

to the servants. There were no permanent stairs to ascend, a moveable set of steps being used. The family burial place was under this gallery, the interments being made with the heads of the deceased to the wall of the church. There was no vault, properly speaking, the whole structure served as such also.

The last seigneur informed me that it is not definitely known who have here found their last earthly resting place nor the precise locality of interment. Besides the Cuthberts, there are some members of the Antrobus family here interred. On the wall is a tasteful, and dignified for that time, monument to Alexander Cuthbert, son of Captain Cuthbert, who died on the 9th January, 1810, aged 42 years. The material of this memorial is wood, the inscription on an oval, under a kind of pediment, and below is a text on a piece of drapery. The whole is five feet by one foot ten inches.*

The church is a touching memorial of a bereaved husband to the virtues of a faithful wife, who was removed at the early age of 40, after a married life of nineteen years, and having borne him three sons and seven daughters. This is gracefully recorded on a marble tablet, nearly three feet in length, framed in stone, and inserted over the door on the opposite side to that by which entrance is now made to the church. This door is circular at the top, and taken in connection with the dedicatory tablet, was evidently at the erection of the building the principal entrance. It is now permanently closed.

Mrs. Cuthbert was a Miss Catharine Cairns.

The inscription on this tablet, which is to be found at full length in our issue of 21st February last, records the fact that the chapel was the first erected in the province since the conquest, and recites the manors held by Captain Cuthbert. Besides these he held the fief d'Orvilliers. This was in the year 1786, and that following the death of his devoted wife.

The bereaved husband was in course of time laid to rest with his wife and daughter, Caroline, in this memorial chapel. Besides the Antrobuses and Alexander Cuthbert, whom we have noticed, are here interred James, Captain Cuthbert's nephew, of about the same age, the only son of the Hon. Ross Cuthbert—his monument is handsome—Georgina, daughter of Major Ferneret, two daughters of the late seigneur Edouard Octavian Cuthbert, and others of the family and connections.

The chapel has been thus used to hold the ashes of the Cuthberts to the present generation. There are three small windows on each side of the building, which contained the usual old-fashioned small panes of glass, six inches by seven. The second Honourable James Cuthbert, son of the

* This monument served originally to mark the precise spot of the burial of him whose name it bears, and was erected on the ground at the end of the chapel.



GROVE IN FRONT OF BERTHIER MANOR HOUSE.

builder of the chapel, removed the frames of the windows and closed them with the shutters now seen to prevent evil intentioned persons from desecrating the building. He was a member of the Roman Catholic communion, and presented the bell of St. Andrew's Church to that of Isle du Pas, opposite Berthier, where it is still used by our fellow-countrymen of his faith. The bell bears no inscription.

Captain Cuthbert was a model of a lord of the manor. He was a man of great force of character. In his days the lines between gentle and humble birth were more clearly drawn than at present, and the Seigneur of Berthier was not one to permit any trespassing on the privileges attached to his position, be the aggressor cleric or lay.

He revered religion for its own sake, and knew its value. He was the father of his vassals, who were almost exclusively of the Roman Catholic faith. No reasonable assistance in connection with their communion was ever refused them. He gladly contributed building material for their churches and parsonages. The parish of St. Cuthbert, seven-and-a-half miles from Berthier, received its name from the seigneur. It seems to have been specially under his care and that of his devoted wife. He presented the church with a large oil painting of its patron saint, in his episcopal robes, mitred and with crozier in his hand. In the corner was the donor's arms. To perpetuate Mrs. Cuthbert's interest in this church and the welfare of its members, in 1783 Captain Cuthbert imported from London a bell for this church. The following legend was cast in the metal:

"Sit nomen Domini benedictum. Je m'appelle Catharine jepese—et j'ai été donné a l'Eglise de St. Cuthbert en Canada, par l'honorable Jacques Cuthbert, Ecuier, Seigneur du lieu Anno Domini, 1783. Chapman & Mears of London, fecerunt, 1783."

The height of this bell is two feet seven inches and its diameter about the same. What more touching or closer connection could be established between members of the same great Christian family.

Thus lived and died James Cuthbert. His house was famed for hospitality. He was of as noble birth as any of the

ancient French noblesse who crossed swords with him on the Plains of Abraham and were afterwards his neighbours and fellow-labourers in transplanting to and developing within New France the British constitution. While he was firm to his principles and church, he was conspicuous for that wise toleration of and respect for the views of others, which must be the guiding principles of all who wish for the welfare of this province.

Captain James Cuthbert by his wife Catharine Cairns had three surviving sons and six daughters. The eldest, Alexan-



HON. JAMES CUTHBERT.
Second Seigneur

der, married but died without issue. We have referred to his monument in St. Andrew's Church. The second was James, the third, Ross Cuthbert.

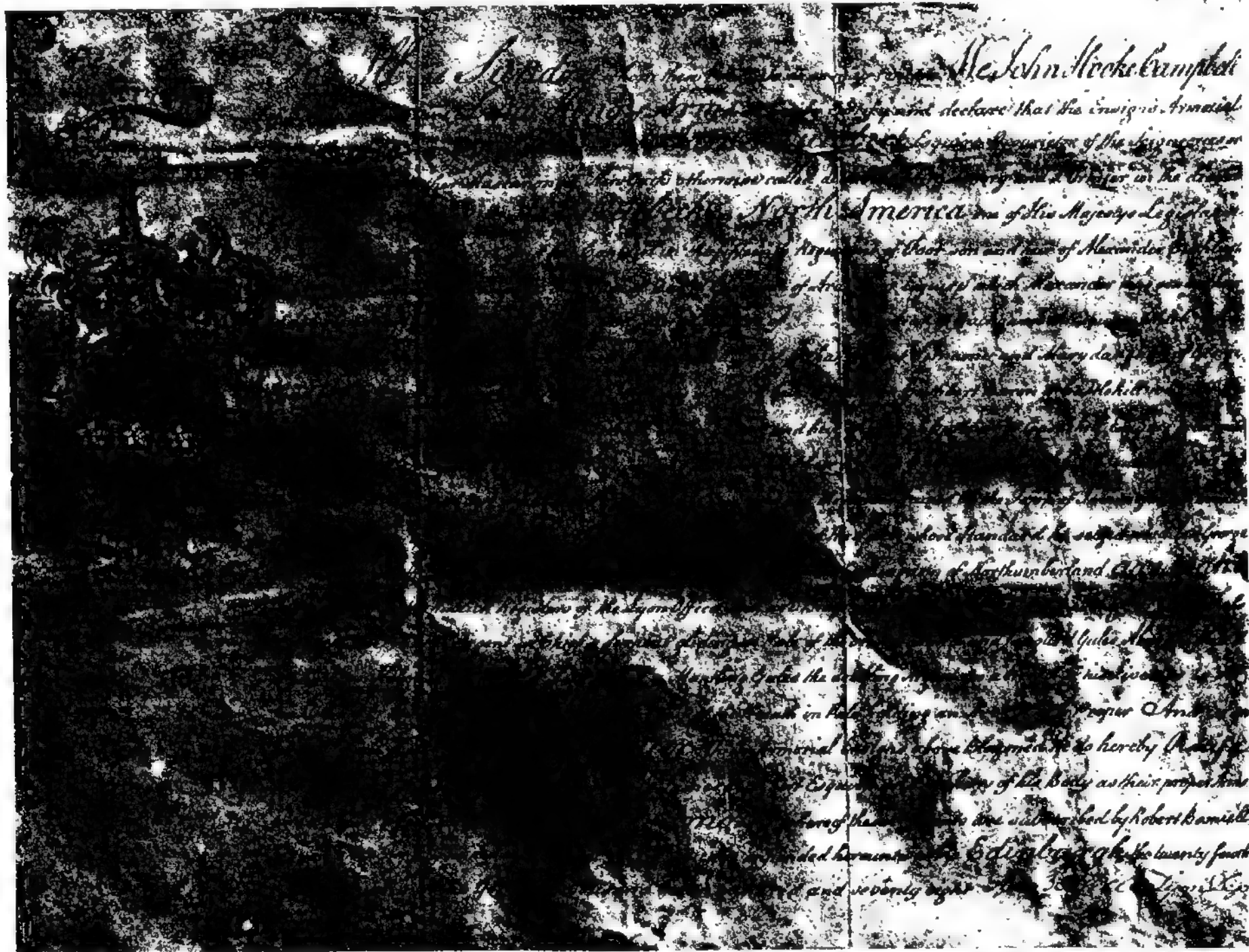
Before touching on the careers of these two sons, let us glance at the hymeneal futures of the daughters. Descended from a military race, five of these ladies married officers, and what is more remarkable still, four of them to brother officers in the 60th Regiment,—the old famous Royal Americans whose most honourable record, commenced on

this continent, has been extended with credit to the corps and glory to the nation in every part of the world. The husbands of these ladies were Captain Clark, Colonel Romer, Colonel Robertson, Captain Nickson. Catherine married Mr. John Antrobus; the fifth of the daughters who elected a son of Mars was the wife of Major Ferneret.

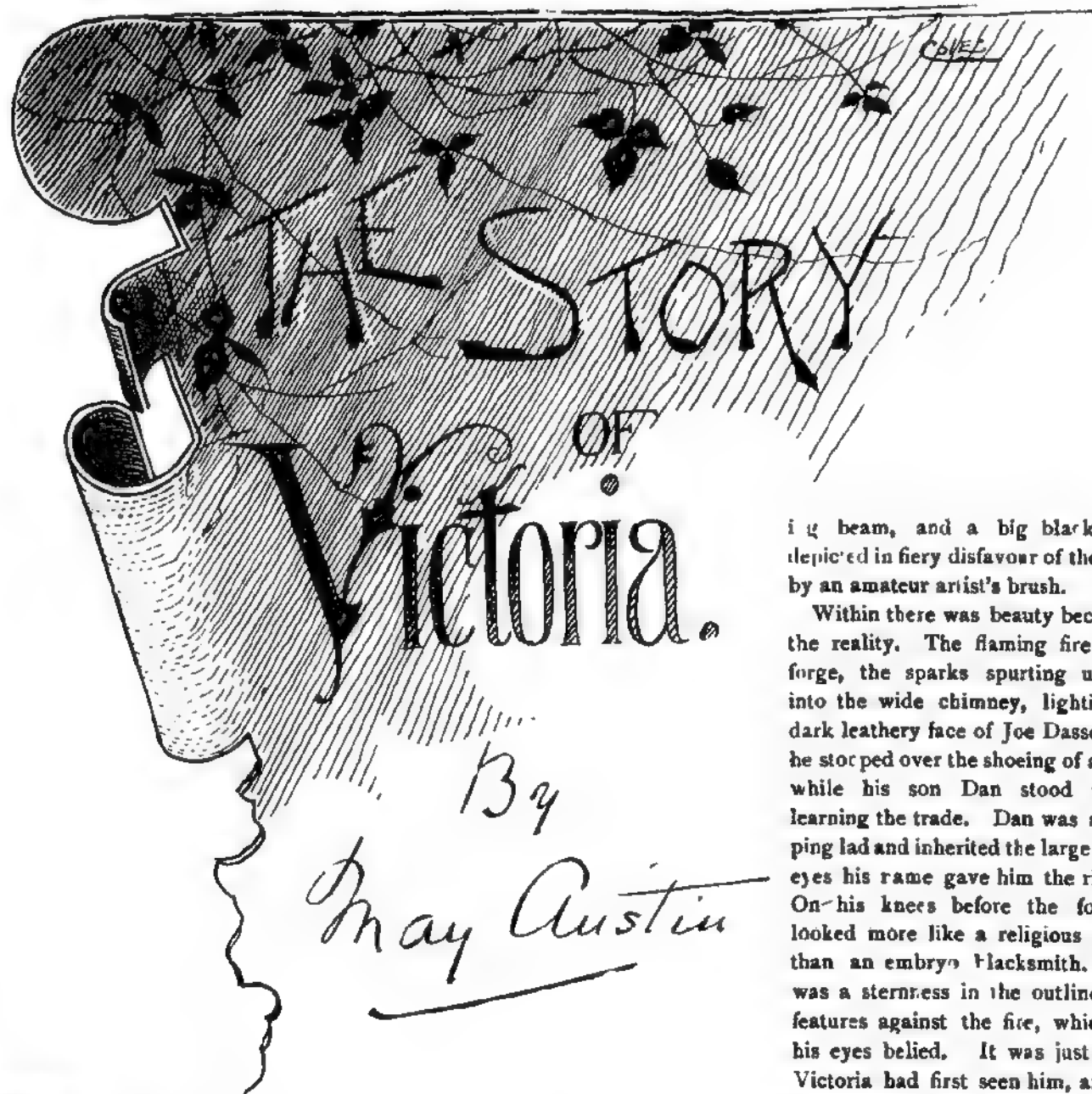
James Cuthbert was born in 1767. He received as his share of his father's landed property Berthier, Maskinonge and New York, Ross Cuthbert taking d'Autry and d'Orvilliers. James Cuthbert was a worthy representative of his father and his name throughout his long career. At the death of Hon. Captain Cuthbert he held a commission as Lieutenant in the second battalion of the Royal American Regiment, but having been appointed his father's executor and being in charge of his estates, and, in addition, having the charge of his sisters, his military and domestic duties clashed. Called to London on estate business, and being unable to obtain leave of absence from General Prescott, no course lay open but to resign his commission. This he accordingly did.

James Cuthbert even then, from his territorial connection, commanded the militia. It appears that up to 1804 the French Canadian corps still wore the French uniform, while their fellow-citizen-soldiers of English origin were habited in the British colours. It is obvious that the effect of such distinction would be to keep the races apart by fostering uncalled for memories of a past regime, when the interests of the country lay in forgetting such and forming a united body under the new flag. Sir Robert Shore Milnes, the Lieutenant Governor in 1804, saw the evil results thus created and perpetuated and expressed his anxiety to abolish this difference. James Cuthbert, an English seigneur in a French Canadian section of country, of wide views, like his father, was not slow in realizing the advantage to the state to be obtained by abolishing this uncalled for and dangerous difference, and was the first to bring the division under his command to petition the Lieutenant-Governor to permit them to assume the national colours.

(To be Continued.)



HERALDIC CERTIFICATE OF FAMILY ARMS ISSUED TO HON. JAMES CUTHBERT IN 1778.



ing beam, and a big black horse depicted in fiery disfavour of the forge, by an amateur artist's brush.

Within there was beauty because of the reality. The flaming fire of the forge, the sparks spurning upwards into the wide chimney, lighting the dark leathery face of Joe Dasseloa, as he stooped over the shoeing of a horse, while his son Dan stood near-by learning the trade. Dan was a strapping lad and inherited the large dreamy eyes his name gave him the right to. On his knees before the forge he looked more like a religious devotee than an embryo blacksmith. There was a sternness in the outline of his features against the fire, which only his eyes belied. It was just so that Victoria had first seen him, and after

that first meeting many followed.

All the villagers looked on and wondered. She was not held in much favour,—this little French girl with the English hair and high notions. An old crony shook her head portentously over her store of sweets,—“no good would come of it,” and to hasten the fulfilment of the prophecy hobbled over to the manor one morning after learning at Mass that these two were going to be married.

She found Victoria singing as blithely at her spinning wheel as ever Priscilla sang in expectation of the gallant John Alden's arrival, and what passed between these two when the wheel stopped no one ever knew; but as the old dame ambled down the long, straight avenue with its borders of broad armed elms, Victoria sped with pale face and miserable eyes to the little chapel in the fields, and there wept her sorrow out on its cold stones.

When Dan walked through the moonlight that evening, to meet his soft-haired sweetheart, no gleeful voice greeted him. He waited in the door-way fully five minutes before she appeared, and then as he looked at her, wonderment, dismay, fear, encompassed him. Such a cold, distant Victoria, with all the colour gone from her cheeks, the tenderness from her eyes. She bid him follow her, and so he

went, scarcely conscious of movement. The October moon glinted through the tall trees and touched Victoria's frock as she flitted along the pathway in front of him, until she reached the “Lovers' Walk.” Such a dell for happy lovers. A spot sanctified by nature. In just such a place might Lancelot in safety have sought the unhappy Queen, or a later Hero and Leander strayed without the fear of a dividing sea.

There were bitter words beneath the bare boughs that had budded over their betrothal in the sweet May days, and when they parted it was in cold pride and tearless eyed anger.

Dan had fiercely declared he would never come back to her, and she had cried she could never wish him to.

A year went by. The autumn came again with its many glories of harmonious colourings and crept on into the winter with its wonders of frost, and ice, and snow.

Time teaches us many things. Well for us if she does so tenderly, instead of turning satirist, as oft it pleases her.

Victoria had come to comprehend that love forgives the past, purifies the present.

If Dan had only come then he would have found a faithful woman waiting for him with nothing but affection and forgiveness in her heart. But still he did not come. The forge still burned brightly with old Joe Dasseloa at the bellows, but no dreamy-eyed boy stood at his elbow. Perhaps Joe knew of his son's whereabouts, or perhaps even he did not; be that as it may no word, no whisper of Dan had come to Victoria's hearing since that cruel October evening when the moon witnessed their cold parting in the “Lovers' Walk.” Each day since then she had told God of her desire.

“Let me see him! Let me see him!”

She sent this prayer through the holy saints, hoping for its acceptance.

“Let me see him!”

Her heart told her this would be sufficient if she could but meet him. What was to follow would be easy.

The day before Christmas came. There had been a shower of rain after a steady snow-storm, and near and far the ground sparkled as though spread with precious stones, and every bare branch had become a marvel of beauty, incased in shiny covering of ice and snow. The sun shone in unclouded glory on the fairy scene. The crispness in the air carried courage to Victoria's heart. Everything held a hope of happiness.

Victoria thrilled with the certainty of coming good as she drove over to Midnight Mass under the star-lit sky. Even the tinkling of the turret bells on the old brown mare added to her exhilaration. There was one star, larger, brighter than all the rest before her. It kept her gaze. Had not so the shepherds been guided to their Saviour hundreds of years before? This was her star of Bethlehem guiding her to happiness. It seemed to hang between the tall spires of the white walled church. She wanted Dan, and heaven would send him to her. When we are young we have such hearty faith in heaven's regard for our individual welfare.

When Victoria knelt before the railings to receive the blessed sacrament she only sent this simple supplication to the throne:

“Let me see him!” Let me see him!”

Then she raised her head, and what she had prayed for had come to pass. Dan stood before her. But behind the altar railings.

His face was filled with a light that had not before lain on its features, while from his lips slowly fell the sacred words:

“Corpus Domini Nostri Jesu Christi Custodiat Animam Tuam in Vitam Aeternam.”



IN GASPE HARBOUR.



OUND, on a holiday, unburdened by any plans, I sought the little tranquil town of Berthier, and there learnt this tale on the banks of the Bayonne river.

An old *habitant* told it me as he sat in a broken chair outside the time-stained door of the old white manor house, with his black clay pipe between his grimy fingers, his faded blue worsted tique lying back from his furrowed forehead, while its tangled tassel fluttered in the breeze, brushing against his dull grey hair and rugged cheeks. On the same “stoop”—perchance the same chair—as he mentioned amongst his many *histoires*, the Duke of Kent had rested after a dinner within the hospitable walls of this old manor house. How many years ago? When the *seigneur* lived there, and lived as only a *seigneur* knew how to live. But the story that touched me was not their story, but the story of Victoria, a lowly maiden, who had wandered through these long, low beamed rooms when they had fallen from their grandeur and become the home of a poor but honest *habitant*. She was a pretty girl, this Victoria, his daughter,—as pretty as only a fair French girl can be, with English blue eyes rid of all their languor, and creamy skin tinged with the soft crimson that first touches the maple trees in early autumn.

They were very dear to her, the traditions of the old place; the lives of the great people who had passed their days beneath the roof which now witnessed her out goings, her in-comings; to her fancy the place was still peopled by forms with soft garments and softer voices, who moved merrily about and stepped so demurely over the green grasses to the little stone chapel in the grounds, to say their evening prayers, or, perchance, perform a petty penance. Then she would cry to think their dust now rested beneath the very boards they had so happily trod. But by-and-by came her own trial, and these were for the nonce forgotten.

Just half a mile from the manor door, or, as those from whom she was descended would have said—a *pipe's length*—stood the smithy. It was but a grey, barn-like building, slightly leaning to one side, as though it had been battered by many storms. Its walls were symbolical of the scenes within. There was a long and irregular row of painted horse-shoes above the door, and a genuine one fastened with what had once been a gay ribbon, against a project-

SPORTS AND PASTIMES



At last the Crescents have got what they have been looking for for a long time, and they have been taken into camp in very decided style by both the Orients and St. Gabriels. They had been so accustomed to defeat everything in the district series with ease that they had gradually become to regard themselves as being invincible and paid little or no attention to practice and condition. The result was that when they met the Orients they had no staying power and they were whipped. Then they tackled the St. Gabriels, and although the score was only three to two, they got a defeat which they are not likely to forget for some time. The same carelessness that characterized the work of the previous week was noticeable in the preparation, or rather want of preparation, to meet the St. Gabriels, and the same ignominious defeat awaited them. The Saints, on the contrary, were in excellent shape. They have a remarkably good twelve, and at times play a hard, fast game, the strong point being the field, the weak point the home, and the defence fair to good. But they are not equal to continuous effort. They were good enough to play all round the Crescents for all that, and made things so exceedingly warm that the once invincible maroons hardly knew what happened them. Perhaps they will now recognize the fact that mere reputation does not win lacrosse matches, but it looks very much as if that fact had come home to them too late, and leaves the probability that the St. Gabriels will have the honour of playing for provincial honours. The Crescents were short of two such good players as Breslin and Crosby, and their absence was distinctly felt.

By the way, what has become of that investigation? Were the suspected parties guilty? If not it is due to them that the finding should be made public. If there were any guilty parties it is strange there have been no expulsions. Or is it just possible that, like the lady in hysterics, who started in to confess, and who confessed too much, some of the players might have been seized with a desire to tell all they knew, which might have been inconvenient? At any rate, the matter seems to have been dropped for the season.

It has often been said that the ways of some lacrosse clubs are devious and dark, and verily there is much truth in the saying. It will be remembered that when the Cornwalls were playing in Ottawa on July 1st, Turner, who is a very valuable man, was among the Cornwall team. Turner had been doing considerable flitting about, and had not been a member of the team he was then playing for sufficiently long to qualify him to play. I am told on pretty good authority that the visitors acknowledged this and asked the Ottawas if they intended to protest him, in which case he would be taken off. The understanding was come to eventually that no protest would be entered, and on this assurance the Cornwall captain put Turner on his team. He was a little surprised a few days afterwards to read in the papers that a protest had been put in. It taught him the lesson that others have already learned this season, and that is to be very careful in future as to any dealings with the Ottawa people. The next chapter in the story is the meeting of the executive of the four club league, which was held on Friday night last. The delegates of the Shamrock and Cornwall clubs were present, but not a soul put in an appearance to represent either the Capitals or the Ottawas. With only two present there could be no quorum, and of course no business could be transacted, so the matter was let drop. Perhaps the Ottawas were suddenly attacked with a spasm of charity and brotherly love and repented of their peculiar action, and perhaps again Dame Rumour, which has been pretty busy recently, used her influence to some extent; for people do say that whenever the Ottawa clubs start an investigation as to the mores in other people's eyes, these other people will discover a beam or two in the Ottawas, and it would not be the least bit surprising if the knowledge of the existence of these beams was accountable for their present considerate action.

Once more have the Cornwalls demonstrated their superiority over the rest of their fellows in the four-club league, and this time the match was against the Capitals on the latter's grounds. To those who saw the first match of the season, as I did, between these two clubs this result may be somewhat astonishing. True, the Cornwalls won the first game and beat out the Capitals, but, as every unprejudiced man present will acknowledge, it was more good luck than good lacrosse that did it. The match was one of those peculiar exhibitions where snap shots and chance passes cover up a multitude of sins, and Cornwall happened to be hedged around with all these possibilities and won a match which, by some odds, should have gone to the Capitals. The showing made at this time was an unpromising omen for the Factory Town, and later developments have proved that Cornwall recognized the fact. In the opening part of the season there was a very palpable and very lamentable lack of practice; the men were not in anything like trim. They seemed to have gone on the principle that let well enough alone was good enough for them, but when they were forced to run along the narrow edge of the precipice of defeat their eyes were opened, and they recognized the fact that to win meant really hard work. This hard work was put in in the shape of practice, and the results were sufficiently developed in the grand games played with the Shamrocks and the Athletics of St. Catharines. The Capitals had apparently reached their top notch early in the season; the Cornwalls had only just begun to climb. Under these conditions it was to be expected that when both teams met last Saturday in Ottawa the Factory Town would be the victors; but it was not to be expected that they would have quite so easy a thing of it. Four games to one was the score that Cornwall achieved, which, to all intents and purposes, gives them the championship of their league. The Capitals' defence showed good play and pluck in a losing game; their home showed enough selfishness to lose a game for any club; the home men all were possessed of an insane desire to score and work up an individual record. The intention was good enough, but it was not the best sort of play to reach results. A little judicious passing would have accomplished better things, and the score would not have been so one-sided. When the Capitals get a little more experience they will come to the conclusion that no one man is fit to cope with the defence game which the Cornwalls are capable of putting up. Not individual play, but team play, close, fast, and unselfish, is the only combination that will ever get through such a defence as is made by men like Carpenter, Crites, Adams and Hughes. The summary following tells the story of the match:—

Games.	Winners.	Scored by	Time.
First.....	Cornwall.....	Black.....	19 mins.
Second.....	Cornwall.....	Black.....	20 "
Third.....	Capitals.....	Whitelaw.....	11 "
Fourth.....	Cornwall.....	Danaher.....	10 "
Fifth.....	Cornwall.....	Danaher.....	6 "

Following are the positions in which the teams lined up:		
Cornwall.	Position.	Capitals.
Carpenter.....	Goal.....	Patterson
Crites.....	Point.....	Whitelaw
Murphy.....	Cover Point.....	Quinn
H. Adams.....	Defence Field	Devine
Hughes.....		James
J. Adams.....		Morel
Riviere.....	Centre.....	Mulligan
Danaher.....	Home Field	Barry
Turner.....		O'Brien
Lacey.....		Murphy
Black.....	Outside Home.....	Green
See.....	Inside Home.....	Ketchum
McLennan.....	Captain.....	Egan

Referee—W. Pollock (Cornwall). Umpires—Joseph Kent, Col. McDonald and H. Carson (Ottawa). Time-keepers—H. Black (Cornwall) and J. P. Dunne (Ottawa).

The American cricketers have some reason to congratulate themselves. The international match was won from a weak team and another Canadian eleven took revenge in a fair shape, but before they left the Germantown players had the satisfaction of whipping Hamilton by an innings and four runs as the following score will show:—

Hamilton.	
First Innings.	Second Innings.
Dixon, c Clark, b Patterson..... 1	c Van Rensselaer, b Clark..... 6
A. Martin, b Patterson..... 8	b Clark..... 6
Gillespie, b Patterson..... 8	b Clark..... 6
Fleet, b Clark..... 22	b Patterson..... 6
McGiverin, c Clark, b	

Thompson..... 5	b Clark..... 0
K. Martin, b Patterson..... 15	c Van Rensselaer, b Patterson..... 0
R. B. Ferrie, b Patterson..... 12	b Patterson..... 1
H. Boger, c Thompson, b Clark..... 0	b Patterson..... 0
Hamilton, c Thompson, b Patterson..... 6	c Van Rensselaer..... 3
W. Marshall, b Clark..... 5	b Clark..... 1
A. Harvey, b Patterson..... 0	not out..... 1
C. W. Ricketts, not out..... 0	b Clark..... 0
Total..... 82	Total..... 21

Germantown.

G. S. Patterson, b McGiverin..... 9	
A. G. Thompson, b Fleet..... 9	
E. W. Clark, jr., c K. Martin, b Fleet..... 1	
F. H. Bohlen, b Fleet..... 0	
W. B. Etting, c A. Martin, b McGiverin..... 20	
W. W. Jones, b Fleet..... 0	
L. A. Biddle, not out..... 32	
C. Bohlen, b Fleet..... 14	
H. W. Middleton, b Fleet..... 2	
A. Van Rensselaer, c McGiverin, b Fleet..... 10	
C. A. Curry, lbw, b McGiverin..... 1	
Extras..... 8	
Total..... 106	

The match between the Ottawa and Montreal Cricket clubs resulted, as was expected, in a comparatively easy victory for the Ottawa men, who, up to date, have proved themselves the best cricketing combination in the Dominion. They left the field with five wickets to spare. The score tells the story:

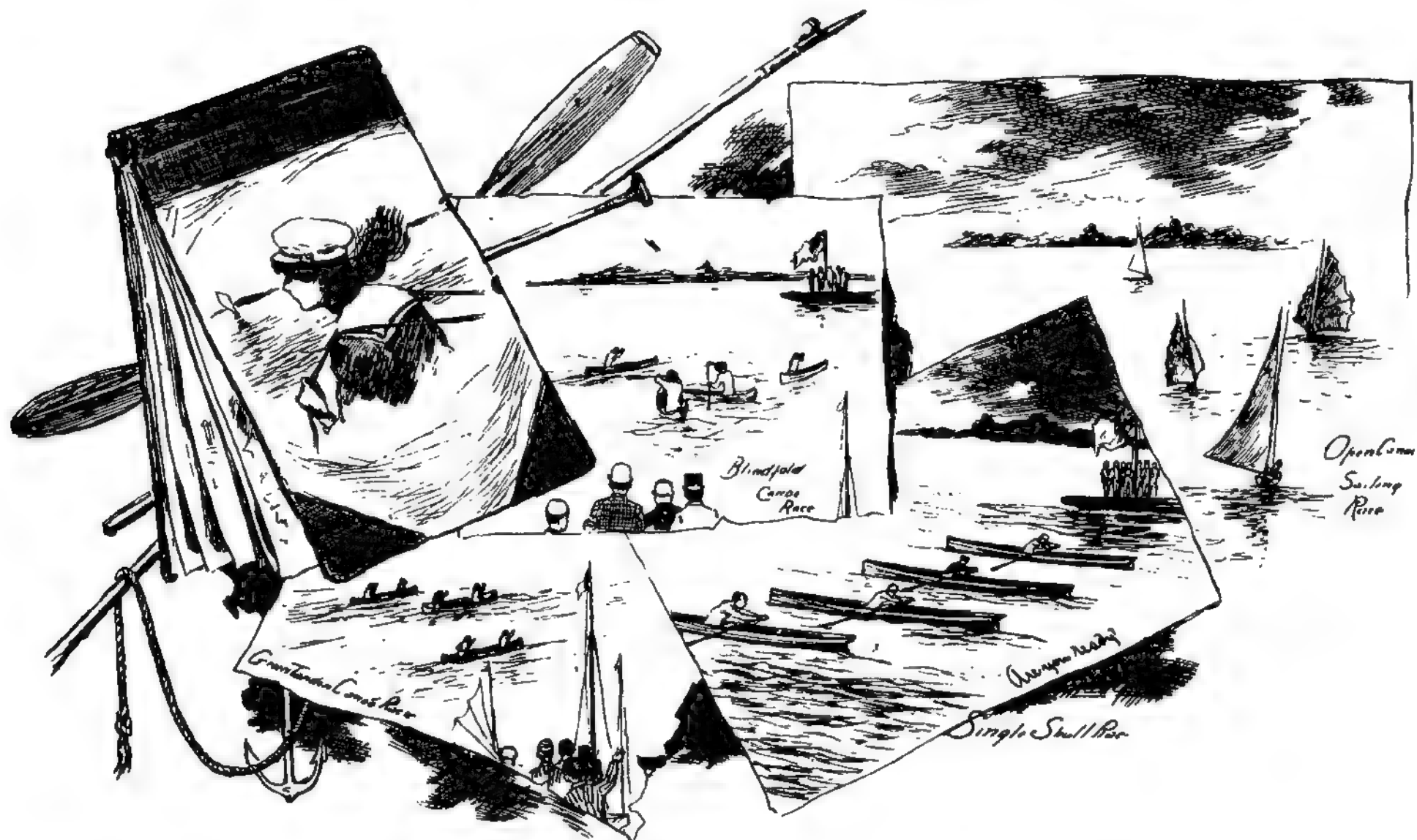
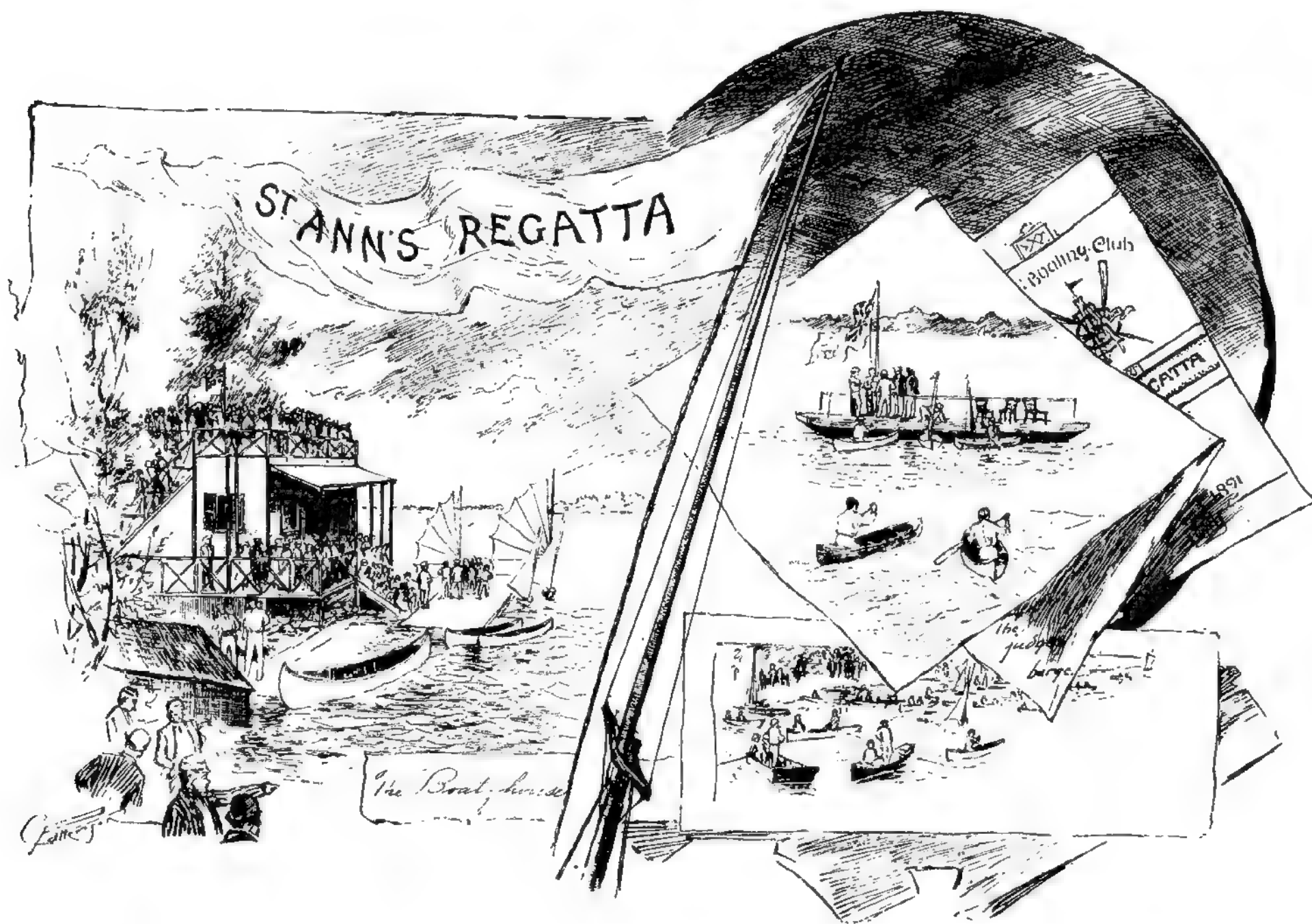
Montreal.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
W. J. Leatham, c Little, b Bristowe..... 12	b Turton..... 1
Shrewsbury (pro.), std. Warden, b Bristowe..... 20	b Turton..... 9
W. Phillpots, b Bristowe..... 4	b Turton..... 9
A. Browning, c and b Bristowe..... 3	lbw, b Bristowe..... 37
P. Barton, c Palmer, b Turton..... 3	c Steele, b Turton..... 0
W. F. Hamilton, b Turton..... 0	b Turton..... 3
A. Hodgson, b Bristowe..... 2	b Little..... 0
F. W. Southam, b Bristowe..... 0	b Little..... 0
F. C. King, run out..... 1	b Little..... 2
J. B. Bell, b Bristowe..... 4	lbw, b Little..... 0
H. C. Godin, not out..... 0	not out..... 0
Extras..... 2	Extras..... 5
Total..... 51	Total..... 66

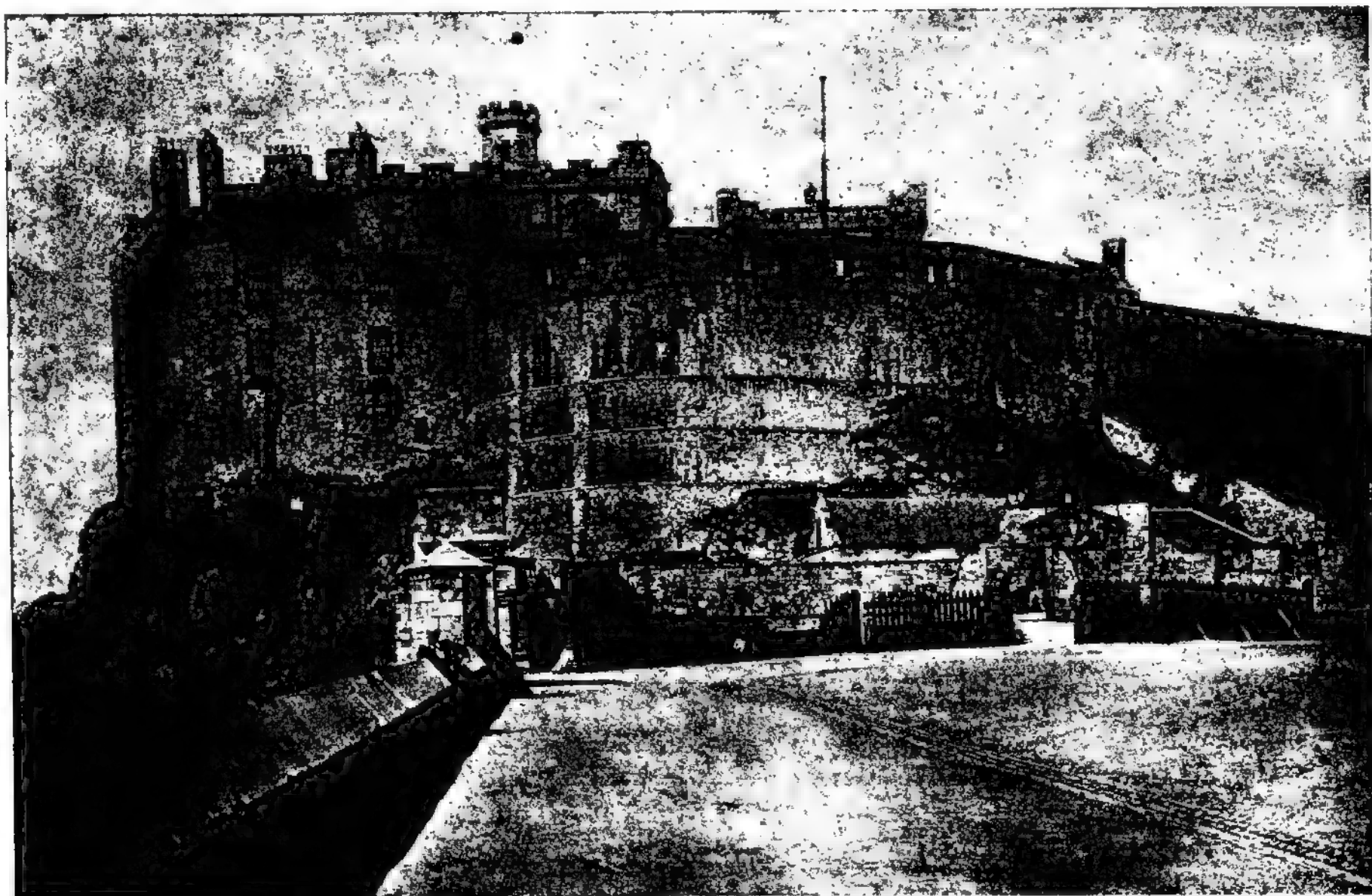
Ottawa.

First Innings.	Second Innings.
P. D. Bentley, b Phillpots..... 0	c Hodgson, b Phillpots..... 6
W. C. Little, run out..... 13	lbw, b Shrewsbury..... 13
T. H. Warden, c Southam, b Shrewsbury..... 5	b Phillpots..... 4
L. Coste, c Leatham, b Shrewsbury..... 8	b Leatham..... 15
M. Bristowe, b Godin..... 12	lbw, b Shrewsbury..... 0
G. L. Boucher, c Phillpots, b Leatham..... 23	not out..... 9
E. Turton, b Shrewsbury..... 2	not out..... 5
V. H. Steele, c Hamilton, b Phillpots..... 0	
A. G. Palmer, b Shrewsbury..... 2	
F. B. Emery, b Shrewsbury..... 2	
P. B. Taylor, not out..... 0	
Total..... 67	Total (5 wickets)..... 52

In a previous number attention was called to the fact that in aquatic honours Montreal would probably have to depend on the Grand Trunk Boating Club's representation at Barrie, when the championship races were rowed. The statement was not far astray. The Lachine Boating and Canoeing club are sending a junior four, and it is to be hoped that better luck will attend them than during the last five or six years. On the other hand the Grand Trunk men are going to make quite an imposing showing, and they will have a goodly field of entries. With such men as the G. T. R. Boat club are sending along it looks as if Montreal might surprise herself by owning a championship or two when the races are over. The trial races have been productive of good results, and the following oarsmen will undoubtedly give good accounts of themselves:—Senior fours, A. Green, T. Green, R. J. Kell and J. Beattie; junior fours, J. A. Stewart, R. Starke, W. Nixon, R. McLean and R. J. Hunt, with F. C. Moore as spare man; junior doubles, J. A. Stewart and J. Beattie; junior single, A. Green.



SCENES AT THE STE. ANNE'S REGATTA, 18th JULY.



EDINBURGH CASTLE.

THE AUGUSTAN DAYS OF EDINBURGH.



"There were giants in those days."



THINK of Edinburgh, or mention it to any one who has ever beheld it, and what is the picture called up in the mind? First, always, that stately street or terrace where from his shrine amid the greensward Scott looks down upon the passers-by, and the grey old fortress crowning the rocky height in the background looks down upon Scott. Seen from the old town and from the new; from north, south, east and west; the monument dominates Edinburgh as the genius to which it is dedicated dominates Edinburgh and dominates Scotland.

Could Sir Walter have been free to choose the manner in which the honour and the love of his countrymen should find visible expression, can we doubt that he would have chosen (had modesty permitted) that splendid Gothic monument—so in harmony with the spirit of his genius, and that fitting site between the city of his dreams and the city of his daily

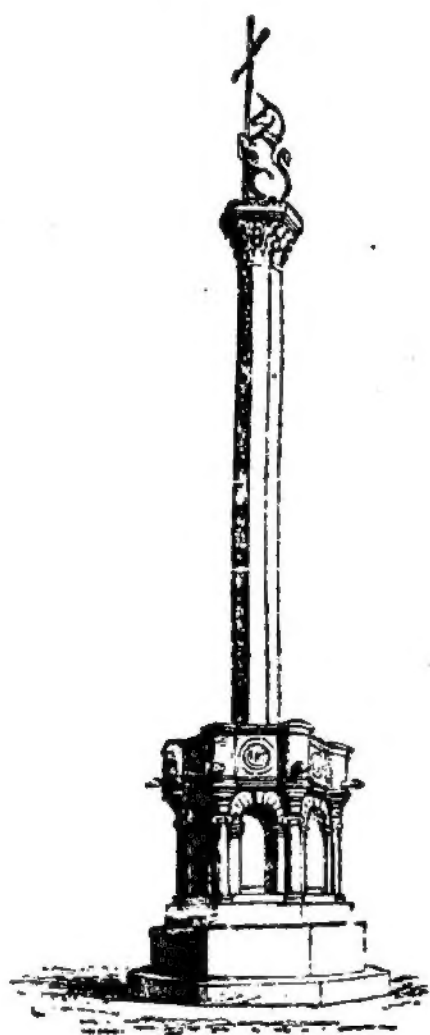
life. For the Edinburgh of which Scott sang was not the Edinburgh in which he lived and moved and had his literary triumphs. Just as his marvellous memory had the gift of forgetting what he willed not to remember, as well as of remembering what he willed not to forget, so his romantic imagination had the power of blotting out the noble streets of the new city that lay before his bodily eyes, and conjuring up the grimmer grandeur and the stormier life of old Stewart days.

But had Scott never written or never lived, the earlier half of the nineteenth century would still rank as the Golden Age of Scottish literature. It is pleasant enough to stroll through the streets of Edinburgh to-day; but what a zest must have been given to such a stroll when one had the chance of meeting Christopher North, or the Ettrick Shepherd, or Henry Mackenzie, or Jeffrey, or Rutherford, or Cockburn, or Dugald Stewart, or Alison, or Sir William Hamilton, or Aytoun, or Lockhart, or Carlyle. The Augustan days came—as such days generally do—with a rush. The Act of Union—at first bitterly opposed, and for many years sullenly resented in Scotland—had been followed by a long period of torpor. Many who might have been staunch friends to the Protestant succession, became foes to it when the Parliament—the outward and visible sign of their independence as a people—was done away with. London, in those days of slow locomotion, was little known save as the capital of the English; and the English were still to old-fashioned Scots the "auld enemy." The events of "the '15" and "the '45" did not mend matters. Forgetting what before they had proudly boasted, that not the English but themselves had given a prince to the United Kingdom, they chose to take the attitude and affect the injuries of a conquered nation, and in true Scotch fashion had a fit of the "black dorts." About the middle of the eighteenth century Edinburgh began to revive, and from 1775 to 1794 three million pounds sterling were spent in improvements. National as well as civic spirit was aroused. The Scottish bar and the Scottish pulpit were already celebrated—the former for learning and wit; the latter for learning and piety (and not seldom for wit as well); but their fame was

at that time chiefly national. When Scott began to sing, however, the south turned to the north with new and curious interest. And when, later, *Waverley* was given to the world, and the Edinburgh reviewers poured out their vials, and Maga alternately charmed and thundered, Scotland awoke to find herself famous.

The period was, both politically and socially, a transition one. In politics, indeed, the change was sentimental rather than real; the last active opposition to the reigning house had gone down under the Butcher of Culloden. The death of the Cardinal of York, however, led to some curiously inconsistent—I am tempted to say ridiculously inconsistent—proceedings on the part of certain high Tories. Professing to abate none of their old enthusiasm for their ancient dynasty, their eyes were nevertheless opened to recognize in the First Gentleman in Europe the Stewarts' legitimate successor and the Lord's Anointed. In other words, while they abjured and abhorred the principles by virtue of which the House of Hanover had ascended the throne, they took to their hearts the worst of that—or of any—line, and gilded his base brows with the aureole of Right Divine. That such a man as Scott should have been the high priest of this *culte*, can only be accounted for on the supposition that his loyalty was of so fervid a nature it could not help spending itself upon something, and therefore preferred an unworthy object to no object at all.

In manners and in morals—particularly as regarded the drinking habits of the times—the change was radical. The Scots, it is unnecessary to say, had never lacked pride; but frequently, it must be owned, it was of that doubtful variety that puts a long pedigree before individual gifts: even Dr. Johnson, when he came blustering down upon them, was but "the dominie, the auld English dominie, wha keepit a schule, and ca'ed it an academy." The pride was not always accompanied by corresponding refinement. Kirkpatrick Sharpe—"the Scottish Walpole"—writing to Robert Chambers, gives a curious picture: "My father told me that the first time he ever saw the (future) Duchess of Gordon, she was riding astride upon a sow in the High Street, and (the future) Lady Wallace thumping it with a stick." Sharpe claimed that he himself could remember when certain, "now very fine Scotch ladies," used to "scud about without stockings when they were past fifteen." Ladies of rank went eagerly to hear murder trials, and took their little girls with them. The fair sex read, and heard read



THE OLD CROSS OF EDINBURGH.

by gentlemen, and discussed with the utmost nonchalance, books for which in the present day no respectable publisher could be found in Great Britain. Even when the tide of public opinion in this matter began to turn, a good many women were found bold enough to resist it. Mrs. Crewe, on being told by Sharpe that Aphra Behn's novels were not fit reading for ladies, coolly replied: "Oh, I don't mind that; genius is of no sex, you know."

The drinking habits of those days are without parallel. In the early part of this century, not only drinking, but drunkenness, was, in the best society, compulsory. Dean Ramsay devotes a chapter of his delightful *Reminiscences* to *Old Scottish Conviviality*, and the stories with which the subject is illustrated are almost incredible. The departure of the ladies from the dining-room was not only awaited with impatience, but was actually hastened by their ungallant lords. "At Glasgow," on one occasion, "when the time had come for the bowl to be introduced, some jovial and thirsty member of the company proposed as a toast, 'The trade of Glasgow and the outward bound!' The hint was taken, and silks and satins moved off to the drawing-room."

"There was," says the Dean, "a sort of infatuation in the supposed dignity and manliness attached to powers of deep potation." It was held that a person who could not drink must be feeble and imbecile. Lord Cockburn relates an anecdote illustrative of this. Scott, William Erskine and Cranstoun (afterwards Lord Corehouse) had dined with a drunken Selkirk writer (lawyer). On the party breaking up, the host expressed his admiration of Scott's prowess in the matter of the punch, and assured him that he would rise high in his profession. "But, I'll tell you what, Maister Walter," he added, "that lad Cranstoun may get to the tap o' the bar, if he can; but, take my word for it, it'll no be by drinkin'."

Claret was the favourite drink among the upper classes, and a man was famous according to the number of "lang craigs" (bottles) he could dispose of. Dr. Alexander Webster, a clergyman of the Church of Scotland, was a five bottle man. Lord Hermand, a learned judge who drank all night and went to court quite able for his work in the morning, held a staunch drinker in the highest estimation. On one occasion a counsel pleaded before him that his client was drunk when he committed the offence for which he was being tried. "Drunk?" exclaimed Lord Hermand, "if he could do such a thing when he was drunk, what might he not have done when he was sober?" Henry Mackenzie relates that, being at a dinner party and seeing one person after another fall under the table, he slipped down himself to avoid further drinking. In a short time he felt small fingers fumbling at his throat, and on enquiring who was there, a piping voice replied: "I'm the lad that lowes the neckcloths." "Lowsing" (untying) the neckcloths was of some importance to the fallen, for the

bandaged throats then in fashion must have been almost as favourable to apoplexy as the claret was.

By the end of the first quarter of this century these excesses had disappeared. "The old claret-drinkers," says a writer in 1824, "are brought to nothing, and some of them are under the sod." Cocked hats and dress swords, or rapiers—which had been tenaciously adhered to in Scotland for some time after their disappearance in England—vanished with the claret-drinkers.

The new town of Edinburgh has been so immensely enlarged since Sir Walter Scott's day that it is worth our while to recall it as he knew it. The splendid extension of the city north and west of Manor Place has all been made within the last twenty years, or little more. But the Edinburgh of Sir Walter was much more circumscribed than even that we remember, when Moray Place was very far west indeed, and Manor Place was the Ultima Thule. The ground now occupied by Moray Place, and the noble streets around it, was, until six or eight years before Scott's death, all open country or wooded park, in the centre of which stood Drumsheugh, the seat of the Earl of Moray. Castle street, still highly respectable, was one of the best streets in Edinburgh when Scott set up his household goods therein.

Edinburgh itself was at that period of far greater relative importance than now. Increased facilities of locomotion, the tendency of our age to rush where the greatest crowd is, and other causes, have transferred to London much of the importance formerly belonging to the northern capital. In the Augustan days, Scotsmen were not only content to be, but proud of being, Scotsmen. The "skies so dull and grey" had no effect on the minstrel's song or the reviewer's wit; nor did the comparative poverty of the land frighten the professional man of promise to the richer south. The titular capital was then much more than beautiful and romantic. It was a centre of intellectual life and vigour, to which distinguished persons from every part of the world repaired.

Henry Mackenzie may be regarded as the Nestor of the illustrious company at which we are about to glance. The intimate in his youth of the great ones of the preceding century—Robertson, Adam Smith, Hume and others—he lived to be eighty-five, dying only one year before Scott. Mr. Lawrence Hutton,* in announcing to the world with all the book-reviewers' flourish of trumpets, a new edition of the *Man of Feeling*, asserts that its gentle author is forgotten by his countrymen; and that if Greyfriars' Churchyard, where he is laid, is ever visited, it is only by pilgrims to the grave of Greyfriars' Bob—the faithful little dog that refused to forsake his master's grave. Henry Mackenzie and Greyfriars' Bob may point an effective antithesis in the mind of Mr. Lawrence Hutton; to us who can love a canine friend as well as Sir Walter did Maidd, or Dr. John Brown Rab, the names form rather a pleasant conjunction. But when Mr. Hutton thinks himself the one person in the world who has stood reverently beside the grave of Henry Mackenzie, he is as much mistaken as a certain prophet was

* In *Harper's Magazine*.

when he imagined himself the one person in the world who had not bowed the knee to Baal.

If Henry Mackenzie is the Nestor of the Augustan days, Sir Walter Scott is its Achilles. It has been said that had Scott's pen exercised itself with other than national subjects, he would probably not have been distinguished above his brother writers. The rare union of poetical imagination, historic insight, practical common-sense, and untiring industry, which he possessed, must have made him celebrated whatever his subject; but that his Scottish novels are his best, goes without saying. He was such a passionate lover of Scotland, both country and nation, that he saw it not only with that sixth sense by which all poets discern "the light that never was on land or sea," but from a veritable Mount of Transfiguration, and I question if, since his death, the least imaginative person in the world has ever visited his country without seeing it to some extent through his eyes.

No. 39 Castle street—the home of Scott for 26 years, is now the most famous house in Edinburgh. The study in which his most brilliant works were written is thus described by Lockhart:—



STATUE OF SCOTT UNDERNEATH CANOPY OF MONUMENT.

"It had a single venetian window, opening on a patch of turf not much larger than itself, and the aspect of the place was sombrous. A dozen volumes or so, needful for immediate purposes of reference, were placed close by him on a small movable form. All the rest were in their proper niches, and wherever a volume had been lent its room was occupied by a wooden block of the same size, having a card with the name of the borrower and date of the lending tacked on its front. The only table was a massive piece of furniture which he had had constructed on the model of one at Rokeby, with a desk and all its appurtenances on either side, and small tiers of drawers reaching down to the floor. His own writing apparatus was a very handsome old



JOHN KNOX'S HOUSE, EDINBURGH.

box, richly carved, lined with crimson velvet, and containing ink bottles, taper-stand, etc., in silver. The room had no space for pictures, except one, an original portrait of Claverhouse, which hung over the chimney-piece, with a Highland target on either side, and broad swords and dirks (each having its own story) disposed star-fashion around them. A few green tin boxes, such as solicitors keep their deeds in, were piled over each other on one side of the window, and on the top of these lay a fox's tail, mounted on an antique silver handle, wherewith, as often as he had occasion to take down a book, he gently brushed the dust off the upper leaves before opening it. I think I have mentioned all the furniture of the room, except a sort of ladder, low, broad, and well carpeted, by which he helped himself to books from the higher shelves. On the top step of this convenience, Hince, a venerable Tom-cat, fat and sleek, and no longer locomotive, usually lay, watching the proceedings of his master and Maidd with an air of dignified equanimity."

The presence of the Highland target, broad-swords and dirks, in Scott's "den," reminds us what a passion he had for military glory. Before his marriage, while still residing at his father's house, 25 George Square, he was quartermaster to a volunteer corps of Light Dragoons, which had been formed chiefly through his energy. That old cynic, Kirkpatrick Sharpe, thus describes his appearance in regimentals. "I remember seeing from the window Walter limping home in a cavalry uniform, the most grotesque spectacle that can be conceived." It is difficult to imagine that most sane of men ever making himself "grotesque," and Sharpe saw something to ridicule in everybody. But it is certain that Sir Walter was never intended for the pomp and circumstance of war. He was a true borderer, ready, doubtless, to hold his own with any man; but able to wield a stout Jeddart staff better than a Highland dirk, even as he was able to paint a Dandy Dinmont better than a Fergus McIvor. How brave a soldier he was in matters that try body and soul infinitely more than material warfare, there is no need to tell. There is no more noble and pathetic picture in all the records of men of letters than that of Scott: Already old, long used to

"That which should accompany old age,
As honour, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Quietly putting all thought of personal ease aside, and girding himself to write away a debt so enormous that a weaker man, on being confronted with it, would have lain down and died. The house in Castle street, which, as he touchingly said, had "sheltered him from the prime of life to its decline," was sold. Lady Scott, affectionate but not heroic, succumbed to mental pain and mortification. And alone, in a third-rate lodging-house at No. 6 St. David street, Sir Walter sat down to his stupendous burden.

To Edinburgh in 1798 came the brilliant Sydney Smith. He had started to Germany with a pupil, and his own account was that he put into Edinburgh "under stress of war." It was an event of some importance to the country, considering his part in originating the *Edinburgh Review*. "One day," he says, "we (Smith, Brougham and Jeffrey) happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleuch Place, the elevated residence of the then Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a review; this was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the *Edinburgh Review*." This first number was published in October, 1802. One is tempted to wish that Dr. Johnson had lived to read it, and that it had greeted the eyes of that hater of Scotland and Scotland's staple, with the motto first proposed for it: "*Tenui musam meditamus arena*—We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal."

In Edinburgh Sydney was married—though not to a Scotchwoman—making on his wife the handsome settlement of "six small silver teaspoons much worn." The departure of the happy pair to London, where they lived I am afraid to say how long—"on invitations and his mother-in-law's pearls," brought the wit's editorial career to a close.

The first recognized editor of the *Review* was Jeffrey, whose diminutive stature, so out of all proportion to his intellectual power, might have passed as one of the most striking illustrations of the proverb that "gude gear is made up in wee bundles." "He hasn't body enough to cover his mind with," said Sydney Smith, "his intellect is indecently exposed." Professor Wilson's bride was not pleasantly impressed by him. "Mr. Jeffrey," she writes to her sister, "is a horrid little man, but held in as high estimation here as the Bib'e." Children, however, who are said to be better judges of character than grown people, were devoted to Jeffrey; and Jeffrey was devoted to them. Arriving at Foston, on one occasion, during Sydney Smith's absence, he requested to be taken to the children, who happened to be amusing themselves with a very small donkey.

Jeffrey threw himself into the play with ardour, and finally urged by the little ones, mounted the donkey. When Sydney returned, it was to find a tableau on which he immediately improvised:

"Witty as Horatius Flaccus,
Great as Jacobin as Gracchus,
Riding on a little jackass."

Brougham, the remaining member of the brilliant trio whose wit and audacity had so much success, was, though the son of an English landed proprietor, born in Edinburgh. His father, having lost by death his betrothed, to whom he was passionately attached, came to Edinburgh to beguile his sorrow. This he effectually did by marrying the niece of Principal Robertson; and, residing in Edinburgh, his son Henry was educated at the High School and admitted to the Scottish bar.

The Tories in accepting formally the new regime, had transferred to the Whigs on their own account the animosity with which they had hitherto regarded them as adherents of the House of Hanover. The Edinburgh reviewers held—or, to shock their opponents, professed to hold—opinions scarcely consistent with devotion to any royal House. As during the progress of an epidemic, milder forms of the disease attack many whom the epidemic itself spares, so during and after the revolution in France, every government in the world was, to some extent, unsettled by revolutionary doctrine. It was a time when those who were for the old order at all felt themselves bound to utter no uncertain sound. Nor did they. The famous English *Quarterly* and *Blackwood's Magazine* took up the gauntlet which the reviewers had thrown down. The first number of *Blackwood* appeared in October, 1817, succeeding the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, which only lived through half a dozen numbers. The latter had been, as to politics, colourless; the first issue of *Blackwood* fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky. In addition to its assaults on Coleridge and Leigh Hunt, it contained the celebrated *Chaldee Manuscript* of Professor Wilson. When, later, Leigh Hunt threatened prosecution, his threat was scorned as "a cockney crow." "Who the devil," cried Lockhart, "cares for all cockneydom?" The magazine lived, and lives, and is likely to live—perhaps long enough to record the advent of Macaulay's New Zealander.

The soul of *Blackwood* in its early days was Professor Wilson. Of godlike figure and stature, and with "tawny mane" floating to the breeze, Christopher North was one of the sights of Edinburgh. His Toryism was honestly come by. "John," said his mother, after hearing that he was writing for the *Edinburgh Review*, "if you turn Whig, this house is not big enough to hold us both." At the early age of thirty-four, "John" obtained the chair of Moral Philosophy in Edinburgh University. His students worshipped him; and on his return to them after the death of his wife, so showed their sympathy, that he fairly broke down.

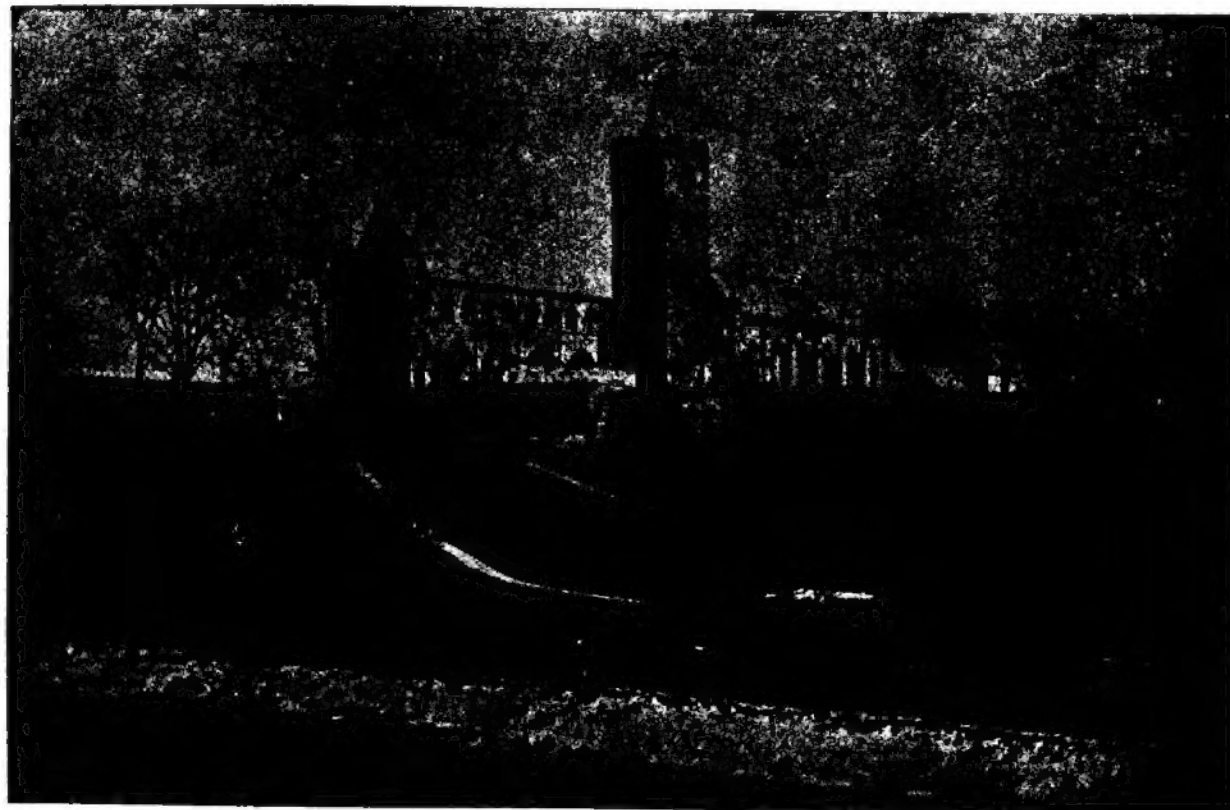
"Leaning his lion-like head upon his desk," says the author of *Old and New Edinburgh*, "he exclaimed in a low voice, never forgotten by those who heard it, 'Oh, gentlemen, forgive me! but since we last met I have been in the valley of the shadow of death.'"

The brilliant professor of Logic and Metaphysics, Sir William Hamilton, was also one of the early contributors to *Blackwood*. So was his brother Thomas, the author of *Cyril Thornton*, and, if we are to believe *Peter's Letters*, of "a thousand beautiful *jeux d'esprit*," both in prose and verse. Scott, Henry Mackenzie, De Quincey, Brewster, Lockhart, Alison, Aytoun, Hogg, Bulwer, Warren, Dr. Moir, and hosts of others, have adorned its pages, as did that "large-brained woman or large-hearted man" so lately lost to the world—George Eliot.

In a single article it is impossible even to glance at events for which the days of which we are writing are renowned: the rise and progress of the famous *Scotsman*; the philanthropic and successful efforts of the brothers Chambers in furnishing to the million literature as cheap as it was excellent; the triumphant success of Sir James Simpson, the "grand old Scottish doctor," in his experiments with chloroform. Hosts of representative Scotchmen we must pass, all but unnamed: Cockburn, with his courtly and idiomatic Scotch; Clerk of Eldin, also with his Scotch—which, if not so pure as Cockburn's, answered his turn. "Do you spell water with two *l's* in your country?" asked an English judge who was amused at Clerk's pronunciation. "Na my lord," replied the lawyer sternly, "we dinna spell water wi' twa *l's*, but we spell mainners with twa *n's*." Then there was Kirkpatrick Sharpe—already more than once referred to: his dress pre-historic; his house an old curiosity shop; his tongue scandalous; his political belief, that (as Johnson averred) the devil was the first Whig. No one who has visited Abbotsford will forget his etching of Queen Elizabeth dancing "high and disposedly;" and his Margravine and Lady Gwydyr show that he excelled in the graceful as well as the grotesque.

The "Old Saloon" of the Mes-rs. Blackwood, at 45 George street, is classic ground. It is to-day almost the same as when described in *Peter's Letters*—"an elegant oval saloon lighted from the roof;" and learned and famous men yet resort to it, but alas! not like the men of o'd. I challenge any country and any age to produce a company at once so witty, so patriotic, so sane, and so lovable, as those grand old Tories of the days of Scott and Wilson. If the illustrious ones of this world haunt as shades, the places in which they delighted while yet in the body, what charming ghosts must linger about the old saloon! No pallid spectres they, but genial livers over of "*Noctes*" in which their wit out-sparkled the wine, and "*Dies*" in which their native heather outbloomed the rose.

A. M. MACLEOD.



DUNBLANE CATHEDRAL.



THE ST. ANNE'S CLUB REGATTA.

The twelfth annual regatta of the St. Anne's Boating Club, which took place on July 20th, drew a very large attendance of onlookers, among whom there was a large proportion of ladies. The day was cloudy, with high wind from the south, and the races did not commence as early as had been expected. However, there was plenty of excitement when the participants got down to their work, and the outing proved exceedingly pleasant to all. The list included sail boat race, open canoe sailing race, green tandem canoe race, single scull race (for men), canoe race (single paddle), swimming race (twenty competitors), double scull race (men), tandem canoe race, boys' double scull race, blindfold canoe race, war canoe race and hurry scurry race, the whole concluding with the greasy pole walk, which afforded no end of amusement. Handsome prizes were distributed, and the club were congratulated on the success of the day's proceedings. A bonnet hop, held in the evening, was a most enjoyable affair and had a large attendance.

VIEWS IN ST. JOHN'S, Nfld.

On the first page of this issue will be found views of leading churches in St. John's, Newfoundland, with also a street scene. Since the great fire in 1846, the buildings erected in St. John's have been of a better style of architecture, and the streets have been made wider and more regular. The city, however, is irregularly built, owing to its location. Of the churches of which views are given the Roman Catholic Cathedral cost \$800,000. The Episcopal Cathedral, from designs by the late Sir Gilbert Scott, is described as one of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture in British America. It cost about \$250,000.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY.

William the Second, King of Prussia and Emperor of Germany, whose recent visit to England has attracted such world-wide attention, is the eldest son of the late Emperor Frederick and Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain. The present Emperor was born on the 27th Jan. 1859 and was educated at Cassel until his eighteenth year, when he entered the University of Bonn. On his twenty-second birthday he married the Princess Augustus Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein-Augustenburg, and on the death of his late lamented father he succeeded to the throne. His first official act was the issuing of a General Order to the army and navy in which he referred to his warlike ancestors and expressed his firm determination to emulate their example of honour, valour and duty. Since his accession to the throne he has developed a marvellous degree of energy, perseverance and tact in dealing with the various complicated questions which have arisen. A marked characteristic is his devotion to the work connected with his position, he devoting the whole day (except five or six hours which he allows for rest) to his various duties. As may be expected, he is an enthusiastic soldier and devotes special attention to military matters; by this and by general interest in the welfare of his people he has made himself immensely popular throughout his Empire; of this a singular proof is that during the troubles of last May-day, arising entirely from socialistic doctrines which originated in Germany, no trouble whatever took place in that country although riots occurred in various other countries of Europe. Particulars of his recent visit to England have been so fully described in the daily papers that it is not necessary to mention them here. It is sufficient to note that although on a nominal holiday his zeal for work in nowise deserted him and in the few days of his visit he found time not only to attend to pressing matters of state connected with his own Government, but to take in, to an unusual extent, all the occurrences and sights of interest which were at his disposal, no entertainment proving too great a task for him to attend. The engraving we give of the Emperor is taken from an excellent one which appeared in *Black and White* a few days ago.

"That's a little hint I give my landlady once in a while," said Mr. A. Starborder; and as he spoke he deposited on the floor the advertising sheet of the *Whirled*, from which half-a-dozen of the "Boarders Wanted" advertisements had been cut out.

SILENT.

I.

I marvel how it haps my absent friend,
Whose thoughts and aspirations soared with mine,
Has silent grown, as if he ne'er had penned
For my perusal one responsive line;
Grown cold maybe!—the wind that in the pine
Made sweetest music but an hour ago
Now flutes afar, where alien waters flow,
And other tree tops to its magic bend.

II.

Perchance, unwittingly, I've blown offence
Across the flowery meadows of his heart;
Have touched, too rudely, some ethereal sense,
That quivered as if wounded by a dart,
And caused a sudden anger to upstart,
Distorting motive, as a solar ray
Is bent and twisted in the ocean spray;
If so, his silence leaves me no defence.

III.

Nay, let me not debate with such surmise;
A soul so generous, so tuned to love,
And schooled in all the wisdom of the wise,
Must ever breathe an atmosphere above
The fumes of petty passion; he will prove
His claim to kinship with the noble dead,
With men who still the paths of glory tread,
His right to hold communion with the skies.

IV.

I fear to question; does some pallid ill,
Some wasting malady, upon him prey?
Does some great sorrow, like a torrent, fill
The conduits of his life, while day by day
All strength and all resolve are swept away?
Forbid it fate! let faithful genii guard
The home and habitation of the bard
Whose silence holds no warrant from his will.

GEORGE MARTIN.



A SURVEYING PARTY IN BORNEO.



BY THE SAD SEA WAVES.

AFFECTIONATE GRANDCHILD.—I say, Grandpa, lie down flat on your face and I'll cover you over with sand. It's awfully jolly.—From *July*.

Priscilla, What Have You Been Taking?

A gentle maiden that I know
Has all that heart could wish supplied her;
Heaven send, wherever she may go
That naught of ill may e'er betide her.

A pious *sœur de charité*,
Or puritan on saintly mission,
A sadder mien might have, but not
A more angelic disposition.

No kleptomaniac is she,
An honest, loyal little body;
She's a blue ribbonite, and tea
Or coffee is her strongest toddy.

And yet she oft sheds angry tears,
Sobbing as though her heart were breaking;
Because—continually she hears
This query—"What have you been taking?"

A cooing infant, should she eat
A safety-pin or darning needle;
Or swallow, for an extra treat
A bottle of nux vom, or wheedle

A cigarette from brother Tom,
Then howl, (no doubt she wished it larger,)
Mamma, distracted, running in
Would say of Kate, "We must discharge her."

"That careless nurse makes baby fret,
And keeps me in a constant quaking;
There! don't 'ee cry my little pet,
ell muzzer what has 'oo been taking."

While her the years still lightly kissed,
Grew mischief to its fullest limit;
And, I must say, if blame were missed,
Priscilla managed just to skim it.

She'd cut a piece of Brussels lace
To make and trim her doll a bonnet;
With mother's sealskin muff she'd race,
With Gyp—her pug dog—holding on it.

Her brother's rifle she would shoot,
His bicycle—Well? what's the matter?
You said a girl would you best suit,
Who could do something else than chatter.

When anything like this occurred,
Or if perchance, when cook was baking
The cookies disappeared, she heard
The question—"What have you been taking?"

Not Beacon Street, nor Murray Hill,
Nor Sherbrooke street (west of the college);
Can claim immunity from ill,
An epidemic they'll acknowledge.

Thus Annie Rooney, whooping cough,
McGinty, scarletina, measles;
Are by "society received,"
From Mrs. Prig's to Lady Teazle's.

And when our lady fair was ta'en,
With cheeks all flushed, head tired and aching;
This question added to the pain,
"Priscilla, what have you been taking?"

Though that was quite a while ago,
The demon query still pursues her;
'Twas just the other day or so
This happened.—It does not amuse her.

Shopping down town one afternoon,
Her suitor had asked leave to meet her;
I always thought him a buffoon,
And this the way he sought to greet her.

"Just by the statue of our Queen,
The rendezvous. 'Twas of your making;
You weren't there, but oughter been,
Priscilla, what *have* you been taking?"

Priscilla taken all aback,
First drew her breath, then flushed and stuttered;
Recovered then and called a hack,
And as she left this farewell uttered.

"Your rudeness sir, I can forgive,
It is your way; but not one minute
Queen in a palace could I live,
An imbecile for jester in it."

He told this to a friend or two,
And one—while he his wits was raking;
Thus made rejoinder: "'Tis not you,
But leave of you she has been taking!"

C. QUERULUS JONES.

MISS ANGELA SILLIBILLY (fresh from the City): "Oh
oh! Just look at those dear little cows."
Brutal Rustic: "Them aint cows—them's calves."
Miss Angela Sillibilly: "Indeed! How awfully nice
And can't we all go out and remove the jelly from their feet
before it spoils?"